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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, SYDNEY.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

This malicious Spring of ours, which loves to play, cat-like, with the innocent citizen, luring him out without his overcoat, to sun himself in the latest handiwork of tailoring genius, vouchsafed us some balmy days last week, and then turned on a nipping east wind. One of those delightful afternoons seemed to have recreated London. There was an exuberance of life in the very traffic of Piccadilly, an unwonted animation in man, woman, and beast—man, in the new frock-coat which, I understand, is not the flapping petticoat of yesteryear; woman, in a new hat which far outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind; beast, in a muzzle which energetic paws, in the sheer joy of living, had dislodged from the statutory position on its nose. Beauty, in the new hat, was much discomposed by this performance of beast, and vainly appealed to Flo to come and have her muzzle put on properly. Flo danced about the pavement with muzzle sticking grotesquely above her right ear, while a policeman, with official bosom softened by the sunshine, gazed placidly on, and hinted not at beak, nor at the lethal chamber. Up and down Piccadilly careered a girl on a bicycle, fearless of omnibuses all in a row, and riding with a grace enchanting to the most jaded eye. In a particularly tight place she alighted for a moment, and a well-meaning person, doubtless the father of a family, took occasion to drop in her ear a word of reproof to such audacity. With a fine flush of wrath she remounted her steed and rode straight where the traffic was thickest, where wheels and horses were mixed up together as though they could never be disentangled. Timid pedestrians held their breath; but bus-drivers could scarce forbear to cheer when she was seen adroitly steering through the press with one hand on a lumbering vehicle, the official guardian of which gazed at her open-mouthed, as if debating whether he ought to demand a fare.

It was a sight that nearly reconciled me to the skirt on a bicycle, for this fair rider wore that costume with consummate address, and not as if she were labouring along the highway in a sack. What a spectacle there is every morning in Hyde Park! You see women on bicycles, awkward, uncouth, apparently of opinion that, to be ladylike in such a situation, they must show every sign of graceless discomfort. The chin is held at a rigid angle, and the knees—those lamentably obvious knees!—seem to be performing some fearsome rite under its depressing shadow. Of course, some women would look ungainly on the bicycle in any costume, and there are a few who can wear the skirt without obtruding its deformities; but a considerable number would give real pleasure to the eye if they would wear knickerbockers. It is no use telling me that, in such attire, certain angles of a woman's figure must be disagreeably prominent. Gracious powers! what is the art of the dressmaker for? Why is genius devoted exclusively to the business of disguising the malice or the negligence of Nature? In Paris you will see women cycling in knickerbockers, worn rather full, with jackets that adroitly shade off promontories about the hips; and the effect in many cases is extremely picturesque. But an irrational propriety declares that knickerbockers for Englishwomen are unbecoming; and this fiat drives the unemancipated to a cycling-dress which is both clumsy and dangerous.

This is the sort of obstinacy that makes one long for a counter-tyranny. I should like to see an official proclamation on the gates of the Park, refusing admission to fair cyclists who are not clad in knickerbockers. The Ohio legislators have enacted that theatrical managers who admit ladies in hats which obscure the view of the stage shall be heavily fined. Why the fine should fall on the manager and not on the hat is a question which the Ohio jurisprudence does not answer. To use the unfortunate manager as a buffer between the hat and the Legislature is not my ideal of justifiable coercion. The great knickerbocker principle must either be enforced by law, or it must be asserted by a cunning which shall show that Macchiavelli is not a citizen of Ohio. If two or three leaders of fashion could be persuaded to appear in the Park in knickerbockers every morning in May, the revolution would be accomplished. What we want is a knickerbocker cabal in politics, to push some measure that is palatable to the fathers or husbands of these social deities, in return for the abolition of the skirt on bicycles. I am willing to vote sinecures to placemen, pensions to babies still unborn, anything that will bring the powers of fashion into this conspiracy. What is the good of politics at all if you cannot pull the wires for a great æsthetic reform?

Instead of giving their great minds to this really important subject, some of our legislators want to impose a censorship on the law reports in the newspapers. The Lord Chancellor has a nice little Bill, which would empower a judge to prohibit the publication of any evidence he thought improper for the general reader. Apparently, it has not occurred to Lord Halsbury that there is no recognised standard of propriety in printed matter. If this Bill were to become law, the objection to publicity would be as clamorous as ever, for the simple reason that what a judge thought suitable for publication would be regarded by many as most reprehensible. The only difference would be that the outcry which is now made against a system—you cannot hurt a system's feelings—would be made against the Bench, and the Bench has pretty strong susceptibilities. I do not wonder that the judges, for the most part, have no desire to become targets for the rhetoric of people who think they know where the line ought to be drawn. Lord Halsbury's Bill would simply set up a number of amateur censors, who would always be asking why Sir Francis Jeune sanctioned the spread of poison in our homes. Some busybody would put everlasting questions to the Home Secretary in the House of Commons; and the upshot would be a much greater publicity for the business of the Divorce Court.

No censorship of the Press can be devised which will not create worse mischiefs than it is expected to remedy. I am glad to notice that we have not been implored of late to put a ban upon the "penny dreadful." It says much for the good sense of the public that this particular agitation has entirely failed. The last I heard of it was that the case of a girl who went masquerading as a boy, after a course of exciting novelettes, was supposed to show the need of a judicial curb on this sort of romance. Eager as I am to see girls ride bicycles in knickerbockers, it is not with any idea that they will delude my simplicity into the belief that they are boys. We may take it that, as a rule, girls will continue to be girls, and that there will be no occasion for a censor to interdict the circulation of books about the historical adventures of women disguised as men, the latest of which enthralling works, if I remember rightly, was published by that upright citizen, Mr. Fisher Unwin. Boys who want to be Indians—the disease is as common to boyhood as measles—may rest assured that they will not be deprived of the fiction which nourishes that fancy, even though they may be prompted to pilfer odd coins to purchase weapons with a remote likeness to tomahawks.

Nor do I think that Madame de Navarro, who appears to have written her "Memories" to warn "young girls" against the stage, will enjoy even the smallest success in that enterprise. There is a quaint lack of humour in the notion that an actress whose beauty, if not her talent, made her a popular favourite, is the best pleader against the profession she has resigned. Young girls will remember the triumphs of Mary Anderson; they are not likely to pay any heed to the warnings of Madame de Navarro. Nothing could be more futile than the belief of this excellent lady that her volume of reminiscences, launched from the depths of an honourable retirement, is a manifesto against "a life so full of hardships, humiliations, and even dangers." The stage was not invariably strewn with roses for an actress who began by playing Juliet at sixteen, and cherished the fixed conviction that parts of that calibre were hers by right of choice. Most young girls who enter the dramatic profession have more moderate aspirations—at any rate, in the beginning; but, so far from deterring them by pictures of humiliations and hardships, the career of Mary Anderson is likely to stimulate any unreasonable hope that may be budding in their minds.

Does Madame de Navarro think she can prevail against the authority of a real live bishop? A company of players has graced a garden-party given by the Bishop of Norwich. That dignity of the Church has signified in this way his approval of the popular drama, "The Sign of the Cross." I suppose the Bishop is alive to the logic of this position. It will not do to declaim against the actor's calling, now the actor has received this episcopal recognition that he is a servant of religion. The Bishop can scarcely deplore the error of youthful guests at his garden-party who are convinced that they must adopt the stage as a branch of Holy Orders. Histrionic novices at Norwich will feel that they have been ordained by a laying-on of hands; and they will carry on this authority indefinitely by a sort of apostolical succession. Centuries hence some noted tragedian will tell an interviewer that he traces his dramatic inspiration way back, as the Americans say, to a garden-party and a pair of lawn sleeves.

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London Bridge ..	" 10 0 "	9 0 "		London Bridge ..	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.	
Paris ..	arr. 7 0 p.m.	8 0 a.m.		Victoria ..	" 7 0 "	7 50 "	

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## PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (First and Second Class only), THURSDAY, April 2, by the above Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge 10 a.m., Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 9.30 a.m.

Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 1 to 6 inclusive.

Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 38s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 10 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

**FOR full particulars see Time Books and Hand-bills, to be obtained** at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained:—West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

#### SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS

TO  
BOULOGNE.—Charing Cross dep. 10 a.m., Saturday, April 4, 21s. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class). Returning at 2.18 p.m. on Bank Holiday.

PARIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (Second Class), 30s. (Third Class), April 1 to 6. Tickets available for 14 days.

CALAIS.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 17s. 6d. (First Class), 12s. 6d. (Third Class), Monday, April 6. Returning same day at 1.10 p.m. and 3.45 p.m. and 1.30 a.m. on following day. Cheap Return Tickets, available by certain Trains, will also be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on April 2, 3, and 5.

BRUSSELS, via Calais.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 54s. (First Class), 40s. 6d. (Second Class), 25s. 9d. (Third Class, and by 8.15 p.m. Train only), April 1 to 6.

BRUSSELS, via Ostend.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (First and Second Class only), and 8.15 p.m., 40s. 7d. (First Class), 30s. 1d. (Second Class), 19s. 11d. (Third Class), April 1 to 6. Tickets available for 8 days.

OSTEND.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street dep. 9 a.m., 5.35 and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (First Class), 25s. 6d. (Second Class), April 1 to 6. Tickets available for 8 days.

#### CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.

Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross to	GOOD FRIDAY.		EASTER MONDAY.	
	Train.	Return Fares Third Class.	Train.	Return Fares Third Class.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS ..	8 28	3 0	8 30	4 0
HASTINGS ..	8 28	4 0	8 30	5 0
ASHFORD ..	8 3	3 0	7 17	3 6
CANTERBURY ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
DEAL ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
WALMER ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
RAMSGATE ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
MARGATE ..	7 38	4 0	7 40	5 0
HYTHE ..	8 3	3 6	7 17	5 0
SANDGATE ..	8 3	3 6	7 17	5 0
FOLKESTONE ..	8 3	4 0	7 17	5 0
DOVER ..	8 3	4 0	7 17	5 0
ALDERSHOT ..	Any train.	1 6	7 0 and 9 28*	3 0
GRAVESEND ..	8 22	2 6	Any train.	1 6
+ROCHESTER ..	8 22	2 6	8 0 and 10 0	2 6
+CHATHAM ..	8 22	2 6	8 0 and 10 0	2 6
+SHEERNESS ..	9 10	2 6	9 10	2 6

\* Waterloo 9.19, and Cannon Street 9.25 a.m., changing at London Bridge. The 7 and 9.28 a.m. trains do not call at New Cross.

+ Also on Easter Sunday.

**SPECIAL TRAINS FOR HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.**

The Continental Services will run as usual.

Special Note.—The Cheap Friday or Saturday to Monday Tickets to CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, issued on Thursday, April 2, and the Cheap Sunday to Monday Tickets to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, RAMSGATE, and MARGATE, issued on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, will be available to Return up to and including Wednesday, April 3.

For full particulars of the Return Times of Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, Manager.

## GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—EASTER HOLIDAYS.—On

GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS TICKETS, available on day of issue only, will be issued by certain Trains from PADDINGTON, Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, Hammersmith, Shepherd's Bush, Latimer Road, Notting Hill, Royal Oak, Westbourne Park, and from CERTAIN STATIONS on the DISTRICT and METROPOLITAN RAILWAYS, to the following Stations at the fares shown—

	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.
Staines .. .. .	2 0	Cookham .. .. .	3 6	Tilghurst .. .. .	6 0
Windsor .. .. .	2 6	Bourne End .. .. .	3 6	Pangbourne .. .. .	6 0
Taplow .. .. .	3 0	Great Marlow .. .. .	3 6	Goring .. .. .	6 0
Maidenhead .. .. .	3 0	Shipplake .. .. .	3 6	Cholsey and Moulsham .. .. .	6 6
		Henley .. .. .	3 6	Wallingford .. .. .	7 0

(Not on Good Friday or Sunday.)

On SATURDAY, April 4, and EASTER MONDAY, similar Tickets will be issued to these Stations (except Tilghurst, Pangbourne, Goring, Cholsey, and Wallingford), from CERTAIN STATIONS on the NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

For full particulars see pamphlets.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

### EASTER EXCURSIONS.

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For 4, 8, or 16 days.

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EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW (International Football Match, England v. Scotland), leaving ST. PANCRAS at 9.15 p.m. Returning as per Bills.

LOCAL EXCURSIONS.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 6,

ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, AND LUTON (day trips), leaving St. Pancras at 10.15 a.m.

CHEAP WEEK-END AND DAY EXCURSION TICKETS

will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Easter Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

APPLY FOR TICKETS AND BILLS

at the MIDLAND STATIONS AND CITY BOOKING-OFFICES, or at the

various offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son.

Derby, March 1896.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

#### CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 2, for four or eight days, to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland, from London (Woolwich Arsenal, Woolwich Dockyard, Victoria (L.C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), and Finsbury Park). Returning April 6 or 10.

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 3, for two or three days, to Edinburgh and Glasgow, from London (Woolwich Arsenal, Woolwich Dockyard, Victoria (L.C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross), returning on April 5 or 6.

TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued by above excursions to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including date of issue and return.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, for six days, to Cambridge, St. Ives, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Spalding, Boston, Grimsby, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Stoke, Newark, Sheffield, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Keighley, Hull, York, Harrogate, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, Middlesbrough, Stockton, Hartlepool, Darlington, Durham, Richmond, Newcastle, &c., from Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Victoria (L.C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G.N.), returning April 7.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 6, for one day, to St. Albans, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, Luton, Dunstable, Hitchin, Royston, Cambridge, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe, from Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, &c.

For further particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

## SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

## SPECIAL DAY TRIP EXCURSIONS

Will leave

WATERLOO STATION as follows, calling at principal Stations—

#### ON GOOD FRIDAY,

At 7 a.m.	s. d.	At 8 a.m. Direct	s. d.
TO		TO	
PORTSMOUTH TOWN ..	Fare 4 0	SOUTHAMPTON WEST ..	Fare 4 0
SOUTHAMPTON ..	" 4 0	BROCKENHURST ..	" 4 0
SALISBURY ..	" 4 0	or	
RYDE and COWES ..	" 5 6	BOURNEMOUTH E. }	" 5 0
ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY STATIONS 6 10			

At 8.20 a.m.

TO	s. d.
SOUTHAMPTON WEST ..	Fare 4 0
LYNDHURST ROAD	
BROCKENHURST	
LYMINGTON, or	" 5 0
BOURNEMOUTH E. }	

#### ON EASTER SUNDAY.

At 8.40 a.m.

TO	s. d.	TO	s. d.
PORTSMOUTH TOWN ..	Fare 4 0	RYDE ..	Fare 5 6
To ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY STATIONS, Fare 6s. 10d.			

#### ON EASTER MONDAY.

At 6.30 a.m.

#### TO THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVON.

s. d.	s. d.
SEATON AND SIDMOUTH ..	Fare 7 6
EXMOUTH (via Exeter) ..	Fare 8 6

At 6.55 a.m.

TO	s. d.	TO	s. d.
SOUTHAMPTON ..	Fare 5 0	PORTSMOUTH TOWN ..	Fare 5 0
WINCHESTER (for Volunteer		RYDE ..	" 6 6
Review and Manoeuvres) ..	" 5 0	BRADING, BEMBRIDGE, ST.	" 7 10
SALISBURY ..	" 5 0	HELENS, SANDOWN, SHANK-	
COWES ..	" 6 6	LIN, WROXALL, or VENTNOR }	

At 7.50 a.m. to BOURNEMOUTH, and at 8.25 a.m. to LYMINGTON	s. d.	At 8.5 a.m. to LYNDHURST ROAD, BROCKENHURST, and CHRISTCHURCH ..	s. d.
Fare 5 0		Fare 5 0	

By certain of above Excursions, Tickets available for two days will also be issued. RACING will take place at KEMPTON PARK on EASTER MONDAY. For full particulars see bills.

On GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY,

#### CHEAP DAY TRIP TICKETS

will be issued to WINDSOR from Waterloo, Kensington (Addison Road), &c., by various Trains, Fare 2s. 6d.

For further particulars, also as to EXCURSIONS to READING, VIRGINIA WATER, REDDING, TEDDINGTON (for Bushey Park), KINGSTON, KEW, HAMPTON COURT, &c., and of Saturday to Tuesday Excursions to PORTSMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, SALISBURY, LYMINGTON, &c., and the ISLE OF WIGHT, see Programmes, to be obtained of G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, and at any of the Company's Stations or Offices.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

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MATINEES SATURDAY, April 11, and SATURDAY, April 18, at 2.30. Box Office  
(Mr. J. Hurst), 10 to 5. LYCEUM.

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## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The fifty-third annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge will be memorable in more ways than one—first, for the rough water; second, for the blinding hail-storm that lasted for a mile of the journey; and third, for the fact that Cambridge led the way for the greater part of the journey, and were only beaten in the last quarter of a mile by two-fifths of a length. Both crews got off to a good start in comparatively quiet weather. After a few strokes, Cambridge began to show in front, and the vast crowd on the banks began to show which were favourites by wildly cheering the Light Blues. Both eights were rowing in fine form, but the Cantabs were the more lively, and when the Boathouse was reached, with the Cambridge boat leading by about the length of its canvas, the choice of the prophets and the people seemed to be justified. Mr. Gold, the Oxford stroke, called upon his men, and at Craven Steps, with both striking thirty-four to the minute, the Cantabs were only leading by a few feet. At Walden's and the Mile Post they were as near as possible dead-level, and some even held that the Oxonians were in front. Then came a perfect hurricane of hail and wind, in the midst of which Cambridge seemed to walk away from their rivals.

At Hammersmith Bridge Cambridge were almost a length ahead, and at the Old Ship they were quite clear. At Chiswick Eyot the Light Blues held their longest lead in the race, with about half a length of daylight between the boats. The leaders were going so strongly that the Oxonians' chances appeared hopeless. Still Mr. Gold stuck to it, and, backed up by as plucky an eight as ever shipped an oar, the Dark Blues began to creep up. As they approached Barnes Bridge the Cantabs were less than a length in front, and, for the first time in the race, the Oxford eight were showing superior form. From this point the struggle became terrific. Mr. Fernie answered Mr. Gold spurt for spurt, but still the Dark Blues gained. The Cantabs had now the worst side of the river, and at this critical moment they got into the roughest water they had encountered all the way. At the Brewery Oxford were level, and the struggle now became painful in its intensity. The race, which at one time had apparently been at the mercy of Cambridge, was now slowly but surely slipping from their grasp. So closely were the boats locked together that those on the Press steamer could not tell for certain which had won, and the official decision that Oxford came in two-fifths of a length ahead was a surprise to some.

It is doubtful if there was ever a better race in the history of the contest. Even the year of the alleged dead-heat there was not more excitement. Both crews rowed a gallant race, and, if one congratulates Oxford on their pluck, one must also sympathise with Cambridge in getting the worst of the water at the critical moment of the struggle. On the whole, Cambridge appeared to be the faster crew over three parts of the distance, but Oxford showed superior stamina and staying power. The time for the distance by Benson's chronograph was 20 min. 4 sec., which, considering wind and weather, must be considered very fast. Oxford have now won seven times in succession and thirty times in all, as against twenty-two victories for Cambridge.

THE

## ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

## THE APRIL NUMBER

CONTAINS ARTICLES BY

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A Reminiscence;

AND

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## OF PICTURES AND STORIES.

Office of the "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 198, Strand, London, W.C.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

*Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.*



OXFORD: "EASY."



CAMBRIDGE: FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

## PASSOVER EVE IN THE EAST-END.

The Festival of Passover came back last Saturday night to the Children of Israel all the world over, and put them in rather an awkward predicament. Good Jews are enjoined to hunt for the leaven that is in their houses on the night before the holiday, and to burn it. This ceremony is called by a Hebrew name that would be correctly written in English thus—Bedikos Chometz, that is, The searching for Leaven. But the irresponsible and less literate of the community call it "Komertz Bottle" Night, judging that such an institution under any other name would prove as interesting. The predicament referred to arises from the fact that the night before this year's Passover when leaven should be sought for was Friday night, when the Sabbath forbids the search and the burning. So, by way of meeting the difficulty, the great marketing-day came off on Thursday last, and presumably the leaven will not be sacrificed to the flames, although it must be collected.

The night of Bedikos Chometz is the most interesting in the annual history of what is known as the "London Ghetto," if the streets round Middlesex and Wentworth Streets, where thousands of poor Jews live and die, can rightly be called by a name that arouses so many painful memories. On that night all social distinctions are forgotten, and the successful and unsuccessful remnants of the great race meet on common ground of brotherly affection and goodwill.

The streets are almost impassable, and crowded with stalls, at which everything peculiar to the Jewish table can be bought. Olives, fat, green, and delicious; Dutch cucumbers (an acquired taste); cakes of every description, made specially for Passover; fish and fruit of all kinds. In these and many other dainties inhabitants and visitors take delight. To describe the scene would require pages; many have tried it, and it has been left for Zangwill, in his "Children of the Ghetto," to succeed. It is absolutely bewildering, and is unlike anything else in England.

I went to the East-End on the Thursday afternoon, taking train to Aldgate Station. There was no sign of abnormal activity to be seen before Middlesex Street—*née* Petticoat Lane—was reached. There I saw a huge multitude of typical foreigners from many countries filling the paths and overflowing into the stall-laden roads. There was a flavour of delicacies in the air, and even from the distance one sound audible above all others. It came on the wings of the olive-, fish-, and cucumber-flavoured breeze—"Buy, buy, buy!" And for every man who called there were a hundred customers crowding round stalls and shops, tasting, testing, bargaining, and jesting. Rich and poor, old and young, sick and well, all delighted to be present among friends.

I went towards Wentworth Street and the crowd swallowed me up. I may as well mention that the crowd treated me as well as the whale treated Jonah, and that I was ultimately cast upon the muddy pavement safe and sound; but for some hour I was not master of my own actions, and was happy notwithstanding. Such life, colour, and animation are charming, such happiness is infectious; I remained pleased through moments that would sorely try my patience at any other time. Many of the dealers in perishable goods exhausted their stock, and little old women ran up against me, leaving suggestions of the fish, flesh, or fowl with which they were heavily laden. Then I recollected that the night and not the afternoon is the best time to gather impressions and a point of view, so I made my escape, and, after expending twopence over a wash and brush-up, departed to spend a few hours in prim and proper civilisation.

It must have been about nine o'clock when I returned; the elements having, apparently, come to the conclusion that this was not the proper night of Bedikos Chometz, or thinking, perhaps, that a little water would help things, had turned on the rain. Nobody cared to the extent of a twopenny anathema. Just a few umbrellas went up; the naphthalene lamps and tar-lights flamed more fiercely than ever; the glow of light on objects glistening with rain was delightful. Once more I surrendered to the crowd; yet again it treated me well and carried me gently along through streets alive with happy humanity.

Mr. Barnett, the largest butcher and poultry-purveyor in Jewry, has an excellent custom of entertaining a mixed crowd from Bohemia and Belgravia on the night of Bedikos Chometz. I was bidden to swell the crowd of scribes; to eat of fish fried as only Jews can fry it; to eat *motzas*, or unleavened bread, such as good Jews eat during the whole of the present week; to meet divers good men and true, and in their company make a night of it.

I expected to find some distinguished visitors, but as I glanced up at the windows I was very much astonished. There were Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Dr. Jameson, and Trilby. This did not seem right when I had only taken a cup of coffee all the evening, but, as I paused in momentary unhappiness, I was greeted by Willie Clarkson, and the mystery stood revealed. "Come along," he said, and I came along, past countless carcasses of oxen and sheep and tame fowl of all sorts, and into one of the upper rooms where were many whose names wild horses shall not drag from me. From there a splendid view of Wentworth Street was obtainable, shining with illuminations of all sorts that defied the rain. In the room next to me, a gentleman, well versed in Jewish lore, explained to a crowd of brother scribes the rites and ceremonies of Passover, told them how the Synagogue authorities supply with *motzas* all Jews too poor to buy them, expounded the mysteries of *Seder* night, with its quaint ceremonies, and gave those eager penmen columns of "copy." Outside, the huge crowd called alternately for Gladstone, Jameson, and Trilby, and then demanded Barnato. But the one and only Barney was not, albeit his family was represented in the

room. Then came supper, with an accompaniment of music and jokes; and, as the large hours grew larger and became suddenly small, other journalists of weight and understanding came down East from theatres, Benevolent Fund Dinners, and kindred dissipations, to eat unleavened bread and drink such things as pleased them best.

When midnight was a thing of the past, I departed from the realms of Barnett. The streets were still crowded to excess; men, women, and children seemed to have no thought of going to bed. Many of the stall-owners had secured their second or third stock, and were selling it merrily. The rain had for a moment ceased. As I stood on the step of a hansom at the corner of the Whitechapel Road, directing the driver, the old cry came back to me, "Buy, buy, buy!" From all the congested streets it gathered itself, and rolled along in ever-diminishing volume, to be lost in the silence of the vast main road that stretches towards Mile End.

S. L. B.

## THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.

Among the points of difference between the Omarians and Omar Khayyam is the sociable instinct. Omar cared little about the society of his kind. "A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou," represented the extent of his gregarious sensibilities. His latter-day disciples are happiest when they are entertaining all the lions they can find. Mr. Anthony Hope remarked, in the course of a charming little speech at the Omarian dinner on Friday, March 27, that among the little we knew about Omar Khayyam was the fact that he said nothing about his contemporaries, and took especial care to be silent about rival poets of his day. The Omarians, on the contrary, delight to gather poets far and near, and they habitually talk about their contemporaries with all their might. Mr. Clement Shorter, the President of the Club, discoursed upon the characteristics of Mr. James Bryce, M.P., Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Henry James, who were the chief guests. Mr. L. F. Austin scattered broadcast biographical hints about Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. William Archer, Sir Wemyss Reid, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. Sidney Low, Mr. Crockett, Mr. Charles Russell, Mr. Augustine Birrell (who was dissected in his absence), Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Ashe King, Mr. Brynmor Jones, M.P., and Mr. Earl Hodgson. Mr. William Watson failed to put in an appearance, but that did not prevent the post-prandial biographer from intimating, with a slight touch of stern admonition, that one of the most important places which Mr. Watson's Muse had neglected was the back of the Omarian dinner-card. Another distinguished guest, who remained a guest in spirit, was Mr. Swinburne, from whom came a most interesting letter, which was read by the President:

I am sorry that I must—with many thanks—decline the invitation of the Omar Khayyam Club. As to the immortal tent-maker himself, I believe I may claim to be one of his earliest English believers. It is upwards of thirty-six years since I was introduced to him by D. G. Rossetti, who had just been introduced himself—I believe, by Mr. Whitley Stokes. At that time the first and best edition of Fitzgerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy—having proved hopelessly unsaleable at the published price of one shilling. We invested (I should think) in hardly less than sixpennyworth apiece; and on returning to the stall next day for more, found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of twopence—an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance. Not so very long afterwards, if I mistake not, the price of a copy was thirty shillings. It is the only edition worth having—as Fitzgerald, like the ass of genius he was, cut out of later editions the crowning stanza, which is the core or kernel of the whole. As to the greatness of the poem, I can say no more than I have tried to say in print. I know none to be compared with it for power, pathos, and beauty, in the same line of thought and work, except possibly "Ecclesiastes"; and, magnificent as that is, I can hardly think the author comparable to Omar either as philosopher or as poet.

Mr. Bryce spoke admirably, like an Omarian to the manner born, save in one respect. He showed that dangerous tendency of the uninitiated to indulge in a speculative curiosity as to the precise relations between the Club and the remote and mysterious Persian from whom it takes its name. That is one of the sacred mysteries which the true Omarian is prepared to guard with his heart's blood. Mr. Shorter administered a very righteous rebuke to Mr. George Saintsbury, who was once a guest of the Omarians, and who seems to have gone about ever since averring that the cult of Omar was sure to degenerate into mere eating and drinking. That shows how even an intelligent man may go deplorably wrong when he is outside the brotherhood. In this judgment Mr. Saintsbury is even such a one as the municipal censor who lately turned Mr. Hardy's latest masterpiece out of a free library. In advertent to that circumstance, Mr. Austin suggested that a copy of Fitzgerald's poem, with all the passages likely to be most offensive to municipal morals carefully marked, should be presented by the Club to the free library in question, in the hope that it might share the glorious exile of "Jude the Obscure," pursued by the outraged ethics of aldermen and alderwomen. Mr. Edmund Gosse tendered the usual tribute of the Club to the memory of Fitzgerald, about whom, by the way, guests are permitted to be as inquisitive as they please, though they must not call him "Old Fitz," that being a familiarity exclusively reserved to the full-blown Omarian. Mr. Adrian Ross recited two poems, one of them a delicious burlesque of the Belgian Shakspeare. The Omarians, who had mustered in great force, included Mr. Moncreux Conway, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. A. B. Walkley, Mr. George Whale, Mr. T. Wise, Mr. F. H. Groome, and Mr. Frederic Hudson.



FRONTISPIECE OF THE MENU-CARD OF THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM CLUB.

*"And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass  
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
 And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot  
 Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!"*

### "A NEW INSURANCE."

The case of my poor friend was lamentable. For fifteen years he had been paying heavy premiums on his life insurance policy, so as to leave something substantial "for the missis" at his death. He never had doubted his ability to earn a living with his brush, and suddenly his eyesight had failed. Starvation did not threaten him, for he had a small



MR. RICHARD J. PAULL.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

life interest which would keep him and the wife out of the workhouse; but it left no margin, and the seventy pounds for premium could not be taken out of it. The cruel discussions as to whether it were wiser to sell the policy for surrender value—about a third of the amount of the premiums he had paid—or to keep borrowing on the policy, a plan that would answer well enough if he died within six years, led me to think of my own position as a bread-winner without capital, since I also have a heavy insurance. A bright idea came to me of starting a system of insuring the payment of premiums. I thought it over, sketched out ingenious, elaborate schemes, and began to think I might make money out of it as well as become a benefactor to my fellow-workers. When my plans were about ripe, I asked a business friend to tell me the office most likely to take up the idea.

"Go," he said, "to the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation; it's a strong office, financially, and they are very go-ahead people, always willing to hit out new lines of business."

I cautiously got the last report and studied it. I found that the premium income was large, the business growing rapidly, and, in fact, the premiums on new proposals were nearly £39,000 more than the large amount of the preceding year; while the cost of management was proportionately very low, and the reserve fund big. I groaned over the shareholders' 12½ per cent. Why was I not a shareholder? However, being still cautious, I got a copy of the *Insurance Observer*, and read in it an account of the company's history. I discovered that it is a quarter of a century old, and shows a rapid, unfluctuating growth—the premium income having almost quadrupled during the last Jacob courtship period. As a result, I went to Moorgate Street, and asked to see Mr. Richard J. Paull, the manager. I began to explain my scheme, perhaps somewhat lengthily. He listened patiently, till he suddenly began to laugh, not unkindly, but very gleefully.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you've invented the steam-engine somewhat too late in the day. Look at this."

He handed me a document headed "Prospectus of the Ocean Premium Guarantee System." I read it, and groaned. "You've stolen my idea—or rather, intercepted it."

"I'm afraid so," he answered; "and it's a capital idea, too. If you will pay us annually one-twentieth of the premium payable to the life insurance, and become totally and permanently incapacitated, by accident or mental or bodily infirmity, from carrying on any profession or business, we will pay all the premiums that become due to your office; and, moreover, if temporarily incapacitated for more than two months, we will pay the premium or proportionate part, as the case may be, while you are incapacitated."

"Your—say, our—idea is really excellent."

"Our first insurer was a solicitor in large practice, heavily insured, and he simply said that it took off his mind a care that had oppressed him for years."

"That's all very well," said I; "and when I'm a bit older——"

"We won't take you when you are over sixty—that would be too much of a good thing. Moreover, the younger you join, the better; for, obviously, if you have had a policy ten years, our premium is not 5 per cent. on the premium you actually pay, but on what you would pay if you took out the policy when you applied to us."

"That seems only fair; but does your guarantee apply to any office?"

"Of course, we don't deal in life assurance, or fire either."

"Well, but——?"

"We do not compete with the old historic companies; we work all the by-currents that they have neglected. We'll insure you against burglars, housebreakers, accident, sickness——"

"As you're the Ocean, I presume against sea-sickness?"

"Hardly; against robbery or embezzlement by your employees, against having to pay damages for your servant's bad driving, against loss of interest or principal on mortgages, against the depreciation by effluxion of time of leaseholds."

"All insuring is something of a gamble, only we have the advantage of knowing the cards, so to speak—of having accurate data to guide us."

"I think that the sickness and accident would be more in my line."

"You can guard against them singly or combined. Our combined policy, which involves no medical examination, will, for eight pounds per annum, give you twelve pounds weekly during temporary total disablement from accident, scarlet, typhoid, or typhus fever, small-pox, diphtheria, or measles, also £2000 for death by accident, and twice that amount if from a railway accident, or an annuity if permanently disabled. By the way, we do the *Tit-Bits* Railway Accident Insurance. We act in the same way for *Pearson's Weekly* and other papers. We get it hot sometimes. Over the Thirsk accident we paid between £5000 and £6000."

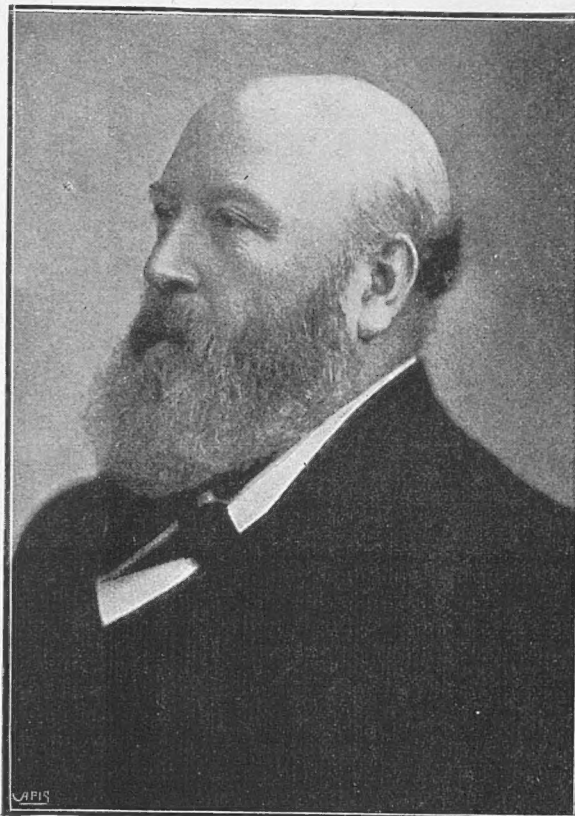
"You have curious accidents, I suppose, to deal with?"

"Extraordinary; no one is safe. There was the two hats case. Within a short time we found that in one case a silk hat cost us £2000, and in another saved us from a serious claim. You know that one part of the skull is so thin that you can almost push your finger through, actually can in extreme instances. Well, we had one case where a blow on a silk hat drove it down so violently as to force it to break in the skull and cause death; while, on the other hand, a man on whom a heavy chandelier fell was saved by his 'topper' from more than a mere bruising. You saw that remarkable case a little time ago, where a woman brought actions at a long interval of time because on two occasions, when the road was being taken up in front of her shop, a piece of stone flew in through the window and hit her in the eye? I suppose you're insured?"

"Only burglary and life. I got twenty pounds some time ago, owing to a humble, amateurish attempt at burglary."

"And what about accidents and sickness?"

"Oh!" I answered, "I came to do business with you, and now you want to do business with me." However, I may say that, on my way



MR. THOMAS HEWETT.

CHAIRMAN OF THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION.

home from the enterprising Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, I tried hard to slip on bits of orange-peel, and am now on the look-out for measles, as the pleasantest of maladies that may be remunerative to me.

## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is favoured with such glorious weather at Cimiez that she has been breakfasting under a tree in the garden of the hotel.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife seem to be doing the theatres. They visited "East Lynne" on Wednesday.

The *New York Post* points out that two of the "Autolyceus" writers who have republished their work from the *Pall Mall Gazette* are Americans. Mrs. Pennell, the wife of the artist, is a niece of "Hans

Breitmann." She was a Philadelphia girl. George Fleming is better known in America as "Dudu Fletcher," and originally came from Indianapolis. Her father, the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, was a noted traveller and lecturer. Her mother is now the wife of Eugene Benson, the artist. Her first novel, "Kismet," will be well remembered. "Mirage" is the second of a notable succession of novels.



LADY BURTON.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

hero on the beautiful old ramparts of Boulogne ville—an excursion, by the way, rarely made by summer visitors to the famous *Plage*—her life was one long romance. The future wife of the great scholar belonged to the most exclusive world of Roman Catholics. She was connected with many of the oldest families in England, and her parents for a long time refused to countenance her engagement to Burton. For five years she waited for him, only hearing four times from her unconventional fiancé. Indeed, a considerable portion of the time he was engaged in African exploration with Speke. On his return from Africa, he suddenly declared he could wait no longer, and, giving her three weeks to make up her mind, waited with what patience he could muster till Miss Arundell, having won Cardinal Wiseman over to her side, became Mrs. Richard Burton.

The strange, adventurous life led by the devoted couple has been well and simply told in the curious, unconventional biography of Burton written by his widow. She accompanied him everywhere, adopting any disguise in order to remain with him; and, to the credit of both, be it said, the uncouth scholar-explorer always remained to his wife all that her girlish fancy had painted him—the great Englishman, the dauntless hero, and the most tender and faithful of companions. Lady Burton's flat in Baker Street and her cottage home at Mortlake were full of memories and souvenirs of her husband, and the only link which bound her to life seems to have been the hope of editing a complete edition of his works. She now reposes by his side in the tent-like mausoleum erected to Sir Richard Burton "by his loving countrymen."

Decidedly it would have taken Ouida herself to render due descriptive justice to the ball given at Monaco by the Prince and Princess of that gay little principality on Friday. Together with the violet seas and sapphire skies, and lemon-groves peopled with marble masterpieces, which are actually a fact of that enchanted island on which no novelist can improve, however unctuous his periods, there was, a little bird tells me, most ravishing moonshine on the night in question, which was all that was needed to give those fairy heights their last touch of perfection. The Grimaldi Hall, well known to visitors of the Sunny South who have seen the Palace, looks on to the bay, its long windows opening over hanging terraces of palm and aloe and cactus. Long garlands of cream-coloured gillyflowers hung from the ceiling and were looped to the chandeliers, while a central ornament of the same flowers formed a huge anchor, from which dozens of tiny red electric globes were again suspended. Huge tree-azaleas, with red and creamy bloom, covered the throne, and the great fireplace at the lower end was similarly embellished. Their Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Monaco, together with the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, made a state entry into the salons at 9.30, accompanied by Mdlle. and the Duc de Richelieu, Miss Oliver and the Vicomtesse Gostaldi, ladies-in-waiting, and other members of the household. The National Anthem was played as the princely party entered, following which a quadrille was formed, in which

noble signors and ladies of high degree walked with the true Continental tradition of stateliness apparently required for this dance. I saw M. Roustan, the former French Ambassador, Sir Edward Malet, Colonel Huter, Admiral and Miss Slane, the Duc and Duchesse de Rivoli, Lord Wolverton, and many well-known others on the Riviera and at home. Of many brilliant and remembered cotillions, that of the Princes was the chiefest, both because of the company and their gorgeous accoutrements of uniform and brocade, as well as the costly presents distributed. It was three o'clock before the ball came to an end, and no festivity of the season, need it be said, nearly approached its magnificence. Apropos, I hear that "the tables," on getting a renewal of their lease from the Prince for another fifty years, have consented to raise his Highness's annual "consideration" from sixty to eighty thousand pounds sterling, so it would seem the Casino must still flourish on the follies of its many frequenters.

I am glad to see that Olive Schreiner is writing a series of articles on South Africa, to be published in the *Fortnightly Review*. No human being, save, perhaps, the redoubtable Cecil Rhodes himself, could deal with the Boer problem with more thorough knowledge. The authoress of "The African Farm" is, as most people know, very anti-Rhodesian in her views; but I fancy there is no great love lost between herself and the Boers. Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner, as she now is, possesses many devoted friends in England. Mrs. W. K. Clifford was one of the first to give her a helping hand, and Mr. George Meredith, on reading (for Messrs. Chapman and Hall) the manuscript of "The African Farm," sent for the author, "Ralph Iron," as she then called herself, and discussed the book with her.

In those days Olive Schreiner—and I see by her latest photographs that she has not changed during the last five years—was in personal appearance absolutely unlike the typical blue-stocking, or literary woman. Short, stout, and with an open, bright expression, it was difficult to realise that the pleasant hostess of one of the smallest flats in the Gower Street Ladies' Dwellings could really have written the sombre, powerful study of human life about which all the world was then raving. She seemed to thoroughly enjoy her peeps into literary Bohemia; but her head was in no wise turned by her success—would that the same could be said of one or two other women novelists who have since achieved fame!—and she always took the deepest interest in the work of her friends, especially if it bore in any way on the social problems which were at the time of Miss Schreiner's sojourn in London



OLIVE SCHREINER.

Photo by J. E. Middlebrook, Durban.

occupying a great deal of attention. The marriage of the South African writer to Mr. Cronwright, a gentleman farmer, who had long been a friend of the family, took none of her intimate friends by surprise, and it is not improbable that he will accompany her when she makes her next visit to England, where she will be heartily welcomed.

That state of mind which is known as "Trilbyitis" has affected her Majesty's Navy. While the Training Squadron was at Las Palmas, spending a somewhat sultry Christmas, among the junketings given by the residents was a fancy-dress ball, at which the officers from the squadron appeared in great force. Perhaps the most successful costume was the one representing "A Naval Trilby," of which I give an illustration. The "meteor flag of England" has in its time turned up in curious places, and served many purposes, but this is probably the first occasion on which the Union-Jack has swathed the nether limbs of an irrepressible middy, bent on appearing as Mr. Du Maurier's famous heroine. It must be admitted that, with his uniform and epaulettes and flaxen wig, the young gentleman bears a ludicrous resemblance to Miss Dolly Baird.



A NAVAL TRILBY.

The scheme for establishing an Actors' Orphanage, in connection with that excellent institution, the London Orphan Asylum, at Watford, appears to be getting strength the more it is discussed. Let it be known that the word "orphan," in the eyes of the authorities of Watford, does not necessarily mean a child bereft of both parents, but merely a fatherless child—the greater portion of the children at Watford have mothers alive, but who are unable to support a family—so that the dead actor's child can be instantly provided for and educated up to the age of fifteen, when employment for the future will be found for it. I hear that already, through the generosity of John S. Clarke, the celebrated comedian, a presentation for one actor's child for twenty-one years has been obtained, at a cost of three hundred and fifty pounds.

How humorous the *Times* can be occasionally! I cut the following advertisement from it the other morning—

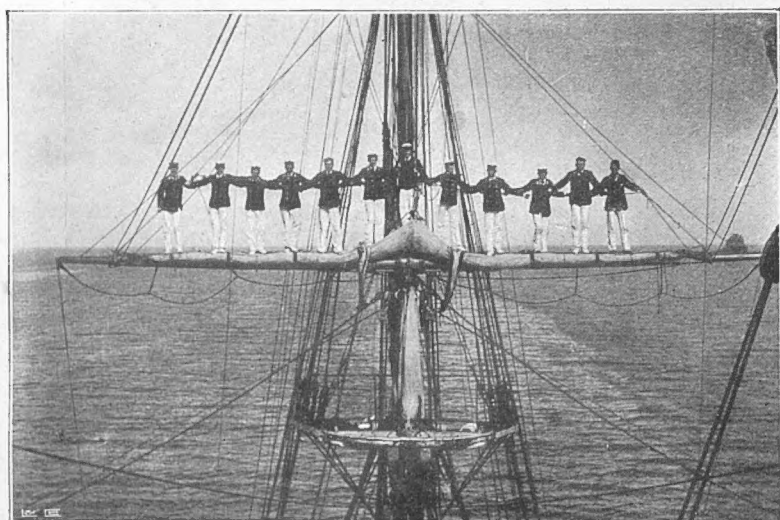
**MASCARENE ARCHIPELAGO.**—All persons interested in the now EXTINCT FAUNA of the ÎLE BOURBON, seen by the Sieur Dubois in 1669-71, are requested to COMMUNICATE with Hakluyt, care of D. Nutt, 270, Strand, W.C.:

which leads me to say—

I wonder if you ever saw  
A Nut(t) so hard to crack,  
The fauna found by old Dubois  
A Sherlock Holmes would wrack.

The Pegasus Club is the name of an excellent social and literary society established in connection with Mudie's Library.

Sails are so rarely seen in her Majesty's Navy that the sight of a dozen middies on the topsail yard of H.M.S. *Volage* is quite an event, and, as such, worthy of note.



MIDDIES ON THE TOPSAIL YARD OF H.M.S. VOLAGE.

So William Q. Judge is now an astral body. I used to wonder what Q. stood for, and, at the time of the exposure of Theosophy in the *Westminster Gazette*, I guessed that it stood for quandary. But William Q. showed himself to be a man of decision. He excommunicated Mrs. Besant, with the help of the Mahatma seal, and declared the American Theosophists to be an independent body. I have no doubt that William Q. is now a Mahatma, and that he has split up the sacred and mystical brotherhood by an assertion of the Monroe Doctrine.

The *Daily News* has just issued, in handy book-form, the interesting history of its own career which appeared in the Jubilee Number of Jan. 26. The little volume has an additional value from the fact that it



MR. RICHARD WHITEING.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

contains a large quantity of material crowded out of the special number by the exigencies of space; and the entire work has been carefully revised by its editors, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Sir John Robinson. The cover is adorned by a portrait of Charles Dickens, the first editor, and all through the work the letterpress is pleasantly diversified by portraits of famous members of the staff—Jerrold, the heroic MacGahan, ill-fated O'Donovan, Archibald Forbes, who has just sought fresh adventures, and many another besides whose pens have enriched the columns of the *Daily News* during the last fifty years. The war-remembrances of Forbes, Millet, and Mr. Labouchere are particularly attractive; but, indeed, every page of the book has some bright spot in it. The introduction is from the pen of Mr. Richard Whiteing, who has for several years ably served the *Daily News* as a leader-writer on home and foreign politics. He writes also on social subjects, which have always possessed a peculiar interest for him. In the main a journalist, Mr. Whiteing had made occasional excursions into literature. Some years ago he published "The Island," a social romance, which attracted considerable notice at the time of its publication by Longmans. It was afterwards republished in the "Tauchnitz Series." The introduction above referred to was first published as a leading article on the fiftieth birthday of the *Daily News*.

Another pillar of the "Newspaper of Liberal Politics and Thorough Independence" (to quote the original prospectus) is Mr. Alexander Paul, who assists in editorial duties. Mr. Paul, who was born in Edinburgh, joined the staff in 1876 as a Gallery reporter in the House. There he quickly won the esteem of the chief, Mr. H. W. Lucy, and was occasionally selected for descriptive work, which further increased the confidence the management reposed in him. Particularly noticeable among Mr. Paul's special descriptions was his account of the landing of Don Carlos at Folkestone. He was also sent down from London to prepare special reports of the Tay Bridge disaster. A graphic description of the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill by Mr. Gladstone is from Mr. Paul's able pen. It is interesting to note that Mr. Paul was the only English newspaper representative who saw the "Plan of Campaign" rent collections. He was acting at that time (December 1886) as Special Commissioner for the *Daily News* in Ireland. Mr. Paul takes the keenest interest in the corporate life of his brother Pressmen. At the beginning of this year the Institute of Journalists voted him at the head of the poll for vice-president for the current year.



MR. ALEXANDER PAUL.

Photo by Falk, Baker Street, W.

I have received from the Oxford University Press a copy of the "Thumb" edition of the Book of Common Prayer, including Hymns Ancient and Modern, which fits easily into the waistcoat-pocket, though it contains nearly nine hundred pages. It is a marvel of printing, and it shows that Shakspeare was wrong for once, when he wrote—

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.

While hard at work one afternoon, a week ago, I was visited by M. Leopold Wenzel, and felt that the event justified a holiday, which I immediately took. The gifted composer was fresh from his first attack upon the ballet of "Monte Cristo." He told me that the introduction—not to be confused with the overture, which is probably written last—had given him some very hard work, but that he was making good progress. He then sat down to the piano and rattled off a dainty little trifle that set me longing for the completion of the score. I wonder why the scores of M. Wenzel's ballets have never been secured by an enterprising publisher. The average comic opera music, with its commonplace prettiness, is eagerly sought after, while the scores of such ballets as "By the Sea," "Katrina," and many others, are apparently lost to the lovers of light music. I judge of their chances of success by the fact that many people have asked if they are published, that certain enthusiastic amateurs of my acquaintance jot down passages from memory to develop at leisure, and have even made their own selections from his works by continued attendance at their performance.

The unusual combination of two such players as Herr Joachim and Lady Hallé, stars of equal brilliance in the firmament of music, filled St. James's Hall at the "Saturday Pop." on March 21. Stalls, balcony, gallery, and orchestra all were thronged, and when the second part of an exceedingly enjoyable programme commenced with Bach's Concerto in D minor, played by the famous violinists, a wonder-hush fell over the vast audience. Accompanied most efficiently by Mr. Bird on the piano, Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé gave a marvellous rendering of the music. Perfection was doubled. Prior to this piece, Schumann's Quartet in A minor had been played, Miss Mabel Berrey had sung very acceptably, and Miss Fanny Davies, after playing three Scarlatti selections brightly, had responded to an encore. And an encore had to be given by Lady Hallé and her companion to satisfy the enthusiasm evoked by their brilliant performance. Then Miss Berrey sang prettily a song by Mdlle. Chaminade, and Brahms' Quintet in F minor ended the afternoon.

Miss Mabel Love is returned to town from America, where her success has been very fine and large. I met her a few afternoons ago, looking particularly fresh and well, and asked for news of future theatrical engagements. In reply, the famous dancing-girl told me that she has got the leading rôle in the new burlesque, "Lord Tom Noddy," to be produced at Easter in the provinces. I asked for some particulars of her American visit, and Miss Love told me that, if very good offers could have kept her in the land of the Monroe Doctrine, she would be there yet. Fortunately for us, she is too fond of London theatres and audiences to stay away from them for long. I think she is right to go away for a time now and again; all public performers should, for thereby they remain fresh in the eyes of their audience. Those who stay in one theatre too long, or in one country always, are apt to become regarded as standing dishes in the theatrical menu, and their merit is discounted to an often unfair extent.

The Cosmopolitan is the name of a club in Bombay that was founded by Mr. Tribhuvandas Mungaldas Nathubhai, the son of the Hindu philanthropist, the late Sir Mungaldas Nathubhai. Its object is to promote good feeling between Parsees, Hindus, and Mahomedans. Recently the club gave an entertainment to the Thakur Saheb of Palitana, upon whom has been bestowed the Order of a Knight Commander of the Star of India, and the accompanying picture shows the principal member of the club, with the Thakur Saheb in the centre. A great many of the leading natives of Bombay are members of this institution.

The first Rugby match on record played in Madras between two recognised fifteens was that which took place last month between the Madras and Bangalore clubs, the former winning by a goal and two tries to nil. In November, Madras played Bangalore at Bangalore, winning



MADRAS (WHITE) v. BANGALORE (COLOURED) RUGBY FOOTBALLERS.

Photo by Nicholas and Co., Madras.

by two tries to nil. The latter team is composed of men from the Royal Artillery, the Dorset Regiment, and the 19th Hussars. Football is steadily gaining ground in India.

The late Mr. Goater, the well-known Sussex trainer, had a wide reputation for sagacity, but in his own immediate neighbourhood his shrewdness was regarded as almost phenomenal. I remember, when Primrose Day gained that great and generally unexpected triumph, I was staying at Worthing, and the sporting portion of the pretty little seaside town was jubilant over the victory of the "dark horse." Indeed, it appeared to me that half the town had had a bit on at delightfully long odds. I was piloted by a friend to see the historic training-ground at Findon where Mr. Goater reigned for so many years. A very delightful walk it was, past Broadwater, with its fine old church and picturesque green, and then, leaving the high road, away over the breezy downs, with glorious views of sea and land, to Findon, a pretty little village, with a cosy inn, known to many Worthing visitors; for a local flyman, if asked to suggest a drive, is pretty certain to recommend this hamlet, lying in its narrow valley some four miles north-west of the town, and will then, if left to his own devices, bring his fare back through Patching Pond and the charming scenery of Goring Woods. The late Mr. Goater's residence, Myrtle Grove, is in Findon Village, and not far from it is Muntham Court, where the late Lady Bath resided for many years. In fine weather I should strongly recommend visitors to take the walk over the downs in preference to the flyman's beaten track, presupposing, of course, that their "lower arms," as the fastidious Yankee terms one's legs, are sufficiently in training for a nine-mile tramp.



THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB, BOMBAY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. R. UNVALLA.

After a sojourn of nearly three years in Australia, during which time she has played an astonishingly varied round of parts, Miss Grace Armytage Noble has just returned to England, and has been engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to play lead with his company going to South Africa. Miss Noble was born in London, and is the daughter of Mrs. Campbell-Bradley (*née* Miss Grace Armytage). Miss Noble drifted on to the stage when a child of tender years. Her first engagement was



MISS GRACE ARMYTAGE NOBLE.

*Photo by Falk, Sydney.*

with Miss Kate Vaughan at Eastbourne in July 1888, when she played the juvenile part in "Love and Honour"—a part which she continued to fill for three years. Then she toured in "The Dancing Girl," "The Idler," "Moths," and "The Broken Melody," ultimately appearing in 1893 under Messrs. Brough and Boucicault's management in Australia. She became exceedingly popular with Australian audiences, and, like all other actresses who have had the good fortune to get into such a fine school, received a training which for completeness and versatility could not be obtained in any other company in the world. Long runs are practically unknown in Australia; in fact, a week or fortnight is generally sufficient to exhaust the attractiveness of a play.

In a recent season of twelve weeks in Melbourne eleven plays were produced, with all the completeness of mounting and finish of acting bestowed on London productions. The mention of the names of these pieces will afford some indication of the varied qualities which a player must possess to participate in them. They were: "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "John-a-Dreams," "The Masqueraders," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The New Woman," "An Ideal Husband," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Sowing the Wind," "The Amazons," "Thoroughbred," and "The Village Priest." To enumerate all the parts which Miss Noble has filled during the two years and a half she was with the Brough-Boucicault Company would be merely to catalogue nearly all the successful plays produced in London during that time. A few of her more successful characters may be mentioned, namely: Ellean in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Lady Susan in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," Lady Windermere in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Lady Wilhelmina in "The Amazons," Maud Fretwell in "Sowing the Wind," Margery in "The New Woman," Jessie Keber in "The Bauble Shop," Marguerite and Jeanne in "The Village Priest," Hattie in "Niobe," Mabel Chiltern in "An Ideal Husband," Sophia in "Sophia," Fanny Goodwill in "Joseph's Sweetheart," Dora in "Diplomacy," Kate Merreweather in "The Idler," Imogen in "The Cabinet Minister," Delia Rimple in "Thoroughbred," Daphne Lovell in "The Guardsman," Charlie Whishanger in "The Masqueraders," Mildred in "Aunt Jack," Cecily Cardew in "The Importance of Being Earnest," Jessie in "The Open Gate," and others. Before leaving Australia Miss Noble played for a few months, under the management of Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove, at the Sydney Lyceum, where she created parts in one or two American plays.

I handled a very dirty and tattered story which was sent me in manuscript the other day, and I couldn't help thinking of the meanderings it had had from office to office. If that manuscript could have spoken it might have told its adventures in some such strain as—

*The Editor regrets his inability—*

It's needless to reiterate the rest.  
How well I know the pitiless civility  
With which I am so constantly addressed!  
I have tried to find a home,  
But wherever I may roam  
I am treated like a pariah or pest;  
I have wandered up and down  
Till I'm tattered, creased, and brown,  
Like a mediæval scrip or palimpsest.

*'The Editor regrets his inability,'*

For reasons that he doesn't deign to state.  
His mandate must be taken with docility,  
It's useless to repudiate your fate.  
Perhaps he's overstocked;  
Or, it may be, he is shocked,  
For the reason that I'm rather up to date.  
It is true I might be read  
At the saucy Bodley Head,  
If there weren't only thousands at its gate.

*The Editor regrets his inability''—*

His courtesy must frequently be tried  
To the point of unmistakable hostility  
By the hopeless sort of stuff with which he's plied.  
And, of course, the best romance  
May be overlooked by chance—  
In the mass of mediocrity uneyed;  
So I trundle on my way  
In the hope that yet one day  
My talent may be happily desecrated.

Miss Minnie Theobald is a young 'cellist who is likely to make her mark. At a recent concert at the Corbin Hall, Crouch End, she played a concerto by Romberg, and the beautiful "Désir" fantasia by Servais, with an execution and a quality of tone very greatly above the average. Miss Theobald showed both by her choice and her interpretation of her varied solos that her aim is not merely to attract passing notice, but to take a permanent and a worthy place among English artists.

Miss Katherine Alleyne has been much blessed by the gods. She is the possessor of a contralto voice of rare purity and depth. It is something like May Yohé's voice; it has some of those strange, deep



MISS ALLEYNE.

*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

notes, but they are always full, soft, and round. She has been trained by Mr. Isidore de Solla, and when Mr. George Edwardes heard her sing he immediately engaged her. The date when she is to make her début before a London audience is uncertain.

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TABLEAUX VIVANTS IN NEW ZEALAND.



PRIESTESSES OF APOLLO TWINING THE LAUREL WREATH.



THE TRIAL.



MR. BARON POLLOCK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

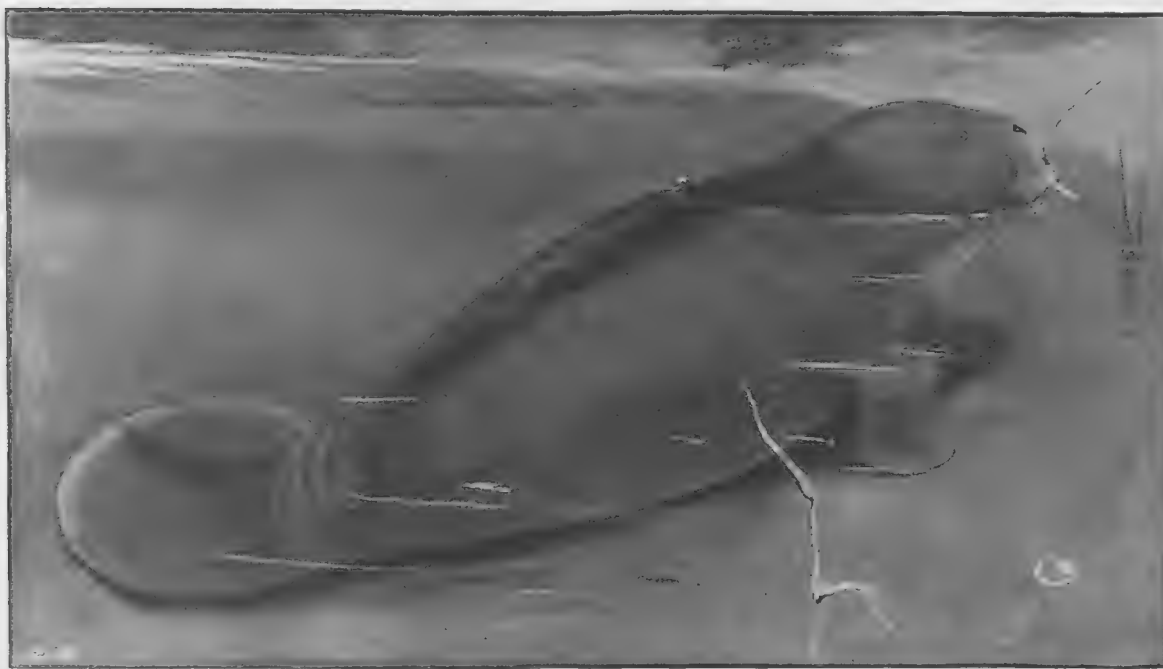
## A CHAT WITH THE MANATEE.

The Editor's telegram, requesting me to go to the Zoological Gardens and interview the Manatee, ended with these cautionary words, "Better look up the literature before you go." It is always well to obey orders, and I endeavoured to do so in this case to the best of my ability. All seemed pretty plain sailing, except in one point: these creatures were said to be related to fish-shaped gods and mermaids, and suchlike fearful wild-fowl. And that way madness seemed to lie.

There was nothing for it but to face the difficulty. When I strolled into the Reptile House, a creature something like a preternaturally ugly seal was scrambling round its tank by means of its flippers (it has no hind limbs), occasionally raising its head out of the water to breathe. From the conscious pride with which Tyrrell surveyed his charge, there was no doubt that this was the Manatee. I had read how the Russian sailors of Steller's Expedition to the White Sea in the last century had eaten up all the sea-cows, and half wished that they had gone southwards and eaten up the Manatees as well. The Japanese monstrosities sometimes still exhibited in side-shows are far more like the popular idea of a mermaid.

The voice of the Manatee is feeble and its vocabulary seems limited. But its vocables are portmanteau-like, and stand for a good deal—that is, according to the keeper, who acted as interpreter, for I do not understand the tongue myself.

The Manatee informed me that he came from the Amazon River, and had some relations on the African side of the Atlantic. They desired nothing so much as to be let alone to browse quietly on the sea-grass,



THE MANATEE.

and bring up their calves in peace. He had some more distant relatives in the Indian Ocean, who lived on sea-weed. There were not so many of them as there used to be, for their flesh was good to eat, their hides made excellent leather, and their oil was quite as efficacious, and better to take—it could scarcely be worse—than cod-liver oil, and so the Manatees and their relations were being rapidly killed off.

I told the keeper that this tallied with what I had read, but I wanted some personal details.

Then I learnt how the Manatee had been speared while browsing peacefully on the river-bottom, hauled into a canoe, put into a tank, and shipped off to Liverpool, whence he was brought by train to London. On the whole, he had a comfortable journey and liked his present quarters, but wondered why some of the people prodded him with short, blunt spears.

"That's umbrellas," said the keeper. "They will do it when I'm not here."

Then he had another turn round the tank, and nibbled a leaf or two of green stuff that was floating on the water.

"Ask him how he and his kind came to be mixed up with mermen and mermaids?"

The question was duly put.

"Haven't the slightest idea," was the reply. "But what is a mermaid?" he inquired, in return.

"Well, a mermaid is a kind of—yes, a mermaid is a——" And I turned to the keeper and asked him to explain to the Manatee what a mermaid was.

"But I don't quite know," he said.

"That's just my case," said I.

As we strolled to the door he broke in: "I have heard say that in olden time people believed there were men and women in the sea just as there are on land. Yes, whatever lives on the land the like of it lives in the sea. What do you think of it?"

I was rapidly getting out of my depth, so I said it was a very good idea.

"Depend upon it, when the sailors saw these beasts with their heads out of water, some of them with a little calf tucked under their flippers, they made sure 'twas the men and women they had heard lived in the sea."

"Then you think they got the idea of mermaids and that sort of thing from the Manatee?"

"No, I don't. They believed in mermen and mermaids, and when they saw the Manatees they were sure their belief was right, which is quite a different matter." As indeed it is. H. S.

## MR. BARON POLLOCK.

The last of the Barons—of the Exchequer—Sir Charles Edward Pollock, has been on the Bench longer than any other judge of the High Court save the Master of the Rolls. After a quarter of a century's work at the Bar, he became Baron of the Court of Exchequer in 1873, the year in which was passed the first of the two Judicature Acts that have revolutionised procedure in the Courts, and attempted a fusion of law and equity. His lordship is one of the most popular and valuable of our judges—valuable because he had a substantial experience as judge of the old as well as the new system, and consequently a thorough understanding of matters of procedure that are Greek to some of his younger learned brethren. With this he has a large knowledge of the general principles of law and great common-sense. Advocates are delighted to practise before him because of his courtesy and good temper. I can remember a curious instance. Seventeen years ago, in Vacation, I went down, a mere youthful article clerk, with my principal, with a barrister

and one or two interested parties, to the Baron's house at Putney to apply for an injunction. We were shown into the library, and his lordship bade us be seated. There were chairs for all save one, so I stood up. In a minute the Baron noticed this; he got up, apologised for leaving the room, went out, and came back in a minute dragging in a big arm-chair for me!

Though as anxious as any judge to see that justice is done, the Baron has some respect for "the rules of the game." Probably he feels that the tendency to make the High Court a kind of glorified County Court will bring about rough-and-ready scrambles for justice, in which the astuteness of advocates will weigh even more heavily against justice than at present. It is pleasant to see the interest he takes in a pretty, technical point, and the respect he pays to a well-reasoned argument in support of it; nevertheless, no one works harder than he to prevent wrong being done through a technicality. Unlike some of his brethren, who pose as "strong judges," the

Baron is patient and courteous, even to the most callow junior, and, instead of shutting himself up in silence, allows counsel to know what is passing in his mind; consequently, he never decides a case upon a point that has not been argued.

Mr. Baron Pollock is not one of the wags of the Bench, so the reporter rarely gets much fun out of him. Yet he has a sense of humour. I remember once, in Chambers, a case in which a pompous barrister gave a very lengthy historical disquisition on service out of the jurisdiction, which he illustrated by citing cases from a large collection of books, carried in with difficulty by a small boy. From time to time the judge nodded and observed, "I appeared in that case," or, "I was party to the decision." At the end he bowed gravely, though his eyes twinkled. He stopped me, for it was my turn to speak. "I am much obliged to you," he said, "for your interesting—may I call it lecture?—on the old law; but I am to act on the case decided last year, which your opponent was going to read; it cites all the cases you have mentioned, and examines them, and it is fatal to your application, which I feel compelled to dismiss with costs."

His lordship was born in 1822, but is as active as the youngest. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and called to the Bar in 1847. His father was Lord Chief Baron, and one of his uncles Chief Justice of Bombay, and another a field-marshal, while several other members of the Pollock family are distinguished in the law. If the rest of the Bench resembled more closely Sir Charles Edward Pollock, the barrister's lot would be a happy one—unless he remained of the briefless order.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## "THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."\*

The beau-ideal Gibbon has arrived at last. The late Dr. William Smith, whose "foible was omniscience," took him in hand to excellent purpose, except when he Bowdlerised him for the student; but he marred his edition by retaining Dean Milman's disfiguring notes. These Professor Bury fitly condemns as an "impertinence." The comments fared little better at the hands of Guizot and Neander, although, against the ire raised now, as in Gibbon's day, by the famous chapters on the Secondary Causes of the Growth of Christianity, may be set the pregnant verdict of Cardinal Newman. In his "Development of Christian Doctrine" he admits that "the chief, perhaps the only, Christian writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian is Gibbon." As for the cheap and ill-printed issues of the work which are in the market, one has only to produce this first volume of the edition of the future as sufficing condemnation. In bold, clear type, on light yet tough paper, the book is pleasant to hold and easy to read, while it has, in general effect, that semi-archaic look which befits the time of its first appearance. Of course, its fundamental features are the editor's Introduction, Notes, and Appendices. The frequency of the new Notes, which are distinguished by brackets, shows wherein recent knowledge supplements or modifies the text; and the general scope of the fresh matter, both in these and in the Appendices, is explained in the Introduction. Here Professor Bury, out of the treasury of his scholarship, considers how far the view of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire which Gibbon has presented can be accepted as faithful to the facts, and in what respects it needs correction in the light of discoveries which have been made since he wrote. Admirable as history, Professor Bury attributes the abiding-place of the book to the "singularly happy union of the historian and the man of letters" in Gibbon. Comparing the several editions which passed under the author's eye, he gives instances of revision after revision to secure greater effect or more accurate expression. *Le style c'est l'homme.* Some wit has said that, in the stately record of his life, Gibbon didn't know the difference between himself and the Roman Empire! And certainly the same method of construction informs his sentences, whether they tell of the intolerance of the decadent Oxford of his time or of the tolerance of ancient Rome. Of his studied care in composition, the autobiography or "Memoir of My Life and Writings" turns out to be a notable example. Researches among his unpublished papers, on the occasion of the Centenary Commemoration two years ago—Gibbon was born in 1737 and died in 1794—showed that this work, as we know it, was ingeniously pieced out of six drafts, "synoptic versions of the same story," by his executor, Lord Sheffield. This he did with singular skill, but with daring freedom, and, withal, a certain squeamishness. However, Mr. Murray has whetted the appetite by his announcement of the speedy publication of the several autobiographies and other remains of the great historian, so that the biographical hexapla may be in our hands for comparison.

Meanwhile, he who runs may read in Lord Sheffield's delightful *pot-pourri* what it suffices us to know about a life to which came the rare privilege of placing the top-stone upon work planned in early years. Admitting us to his confidence, while maintaining his dignity, Gibbon tells how scheme after scheme of some historical book was considered and dismissed before he found his *métier*. Paris gave him no inspiration; instinct took him to Rome, and there, climbing the Capitoline Hill, he heard the bare-footed friars singing vespers in the Franciscan church which stands on the site of the temple shared by Jupiter with Terminus.

Then, he tells us, "the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." That was in 1764. Nearly twelve years afterwards, in the spring of 1776, the first volume appeared. Twelve years more and the great book was finished. Gibbon describes his evening walk in the garden at Lausanne, when the pen was laid down, and how his reflections on the "recovery of freedom and, perhaps, establishment of fame," were shadowed by the thought of the historian's "short and precarious tenure."

To praise Gibbon would here be an impertinence. There is no discord in the pæan which the best judges of his monumental work have sung. Professor Freeman says, "It can never be displaced." It may be corrected and improved through the stores of knowledge opened during the last hundred years; but that marvellous picture of the mighty Empire, that vivid description of the barbaric inroads which completed the ruin begun by depletion of the population—most of all, the wonderful story of Constantinople, will remain immortal as the history of Thucydides, and outlast, as Gibbon says of "Tom Jones," the Palace of the Escurial. Professor Bury can only echo the verdict of Freeman, Mommsen, Harrison, Cotter Morison, Newman, and suchlike

authorities in adding that "in the main things Gibbon is still our master, beyond and above 'date,'" and that "it is needless to dwell on the obvious qualities which secure to him immunity from the common lot of historical writers—such as the bold and certain measure of his progress through the ages, his accurate vision and his tact of managing perspective, his discreet reserves of judgment and timely scepticism, and the immortal affectation of his unique manner."

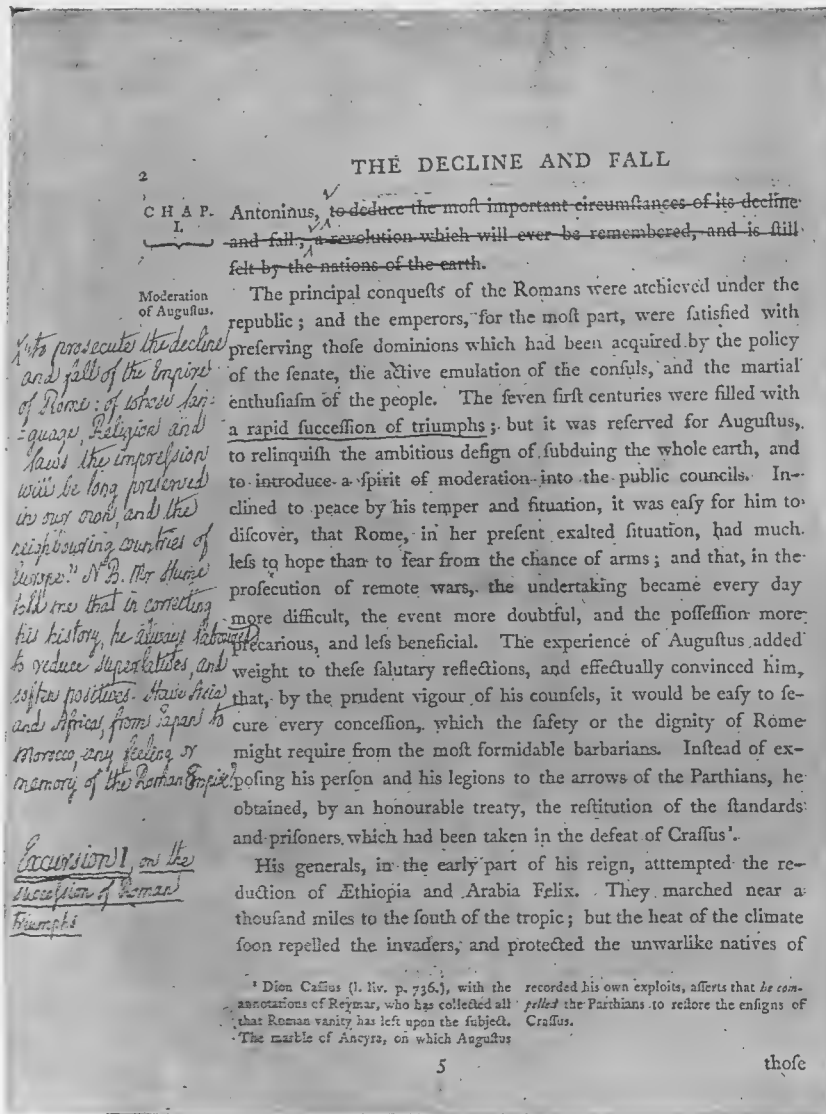
"Accuracy," the Professor epigrammatically adds, "is relative to opportunities," and if Gibbon was accurate, he was not always right, his conclusions being here and there modified or upset by the discovery of new materials and the researches of numerous scholars.

It is with a clear and compact account of these that the Introduction chiefly deals. In this, as in most other branches of inquiry, the Germans have done the most effective work, albeit marred by that care for minuteness which is fatal to sense of the true proportion of things. Not singular in type is the Teuton who is said to have written a preface to an epigram and compiled an index to a sonnet! The old texts on which Gibbon relied have been corrected, and their relation to one another brought out. The valuable evidence supplied by coins, seals, and inscriptions has been increased, and in our knowledge of Byzantine literature Greek and Slavonic scholars have made important

discoveries. These, and a crowd of subordinate subjects bearing on the revision of Gibbon's text, have sufficing reference in Professor Bury's Introduction, whereby the student may follow the lead of the newest authorities. But, as he scans the matter added to this delightful edition, he will note that, whatever modifications may be made in the great structure raised by Gibbon, the fabric, in all essentials, remains unaltered—remains "the greatest monument of historical research, united to imaginative art, of any age in any language."

## "HOW WOMEN WALK."

A Parisian *chroniqueur* discusses "How Women Walk." Of course, he awards the palm to his own countrywomen. Of the English lady, he says, "She doesn't walk; she travels. You might almost say that her limbs were moved by the engine of a steamer, and her feet have the motion—and the proportions—of an Atlantic liner." Quite as ungallant and uncomplimentary are the remarks of this saucy gentleman concerning the gait of women of other countries. For instance, "the German is heavy, and one feels the earth tremble beneath her tread"; the Spanish donna "prances," *la belle Américaine* resembles the pendulum of a clock, the Italian "skips," the Russian "skates" along, the Dutch woman "rolls," and the Belgian "tramps" about.



A PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE DECLINE AND FALL."  
With Edward Gibbon's Annotations on the Margin.

\* "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." By Edward Gibbon. Edited in Seven Volumes, with Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and Index, by J. P. Bury, Professor of Modern History in Dublin University. Vol. I. London: Methuen and Co.



A MERMAID AT THE EMPIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The statue of Victory reproduced herewith is destined to adorn the soldiers and sailors' monument of Jamaica, Long Island. The monument will be in the form of a circular terrace thirty feet in diameter and four



STATUE OF VICTORY FOR LONG ISLAND.  
F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL.

feet high, surmounted by a graceful pedestal of granite eleven feet high, capped by this bronze statue of Victory, ten feet high to the top of the wings. On the base of the pedestal will be, in large Roman figures, the dates "1861—1865." The die will have a bronze plaque bearing an inscription. This statue of Victory, which is the work of Mr. F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, of New York, is characterised by great movement and "go." It is instinct with motion and "monumental" in quality.

Time was when the Doré Gallery was the haunt of every country cousin allured to London by curiosity. How many country eyes have looked upon "Christ leaving the Prætorium," "Ecce Homo," and the

"Entry into Jerusalem," with emotion and admiration? The number is probably incalculable; and one may say that not a living member of that gathering will hear without a thrill that the Doré Gallery, though changed in name to the Lemer cier Gallery, is once more open, and is filled with just the same kind of subject-pictures as in its gayest and most palmy days.

There are, then, no less than 365 drawings here on exhibition, illustrating the "Life of our Lord Jesus Christ." To say that M. Tissot has taken abnormal pains over his work is to state a fact with injudicious mildness. His energy and industry have been almost superhuman. In every case he has studied, with a care and a labour that Mr. Ruskin himself might envy, every detail of his subject. In every instance he has worked for verisimilitude, and has successfully achieved his object. Whether it be in architecture, in scenic effect, or in facial character, M. Tissot seems to stand, by reason of his painstaking, supported by insuperable authority. Every drawing implies a world of research successfully undertaken, and we think it may be fairly said that there is not a known incident in the life of Christ which M. Tissot has left untouched.

We understand that the whole series is being reproduced in colour by Lemer cier and Co., whose admirable work in this branch of art is too well known to need any comment just now. There is, then, just this fault to find with M. Tissot's original drawings, that he seems to have prepared a little exaggeratedly for the purpose of reproduction, and that his colour is at times not altogether satisfactory. But that the series will secure great popularity we have no doubt.

We reproduce a very clever and interesting etching—now exhibiting at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers—of the stage of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, by Mr. W. Monk. The artist, without having what would in any sense of the term be described as a beautiful subject, has succeeded in delivering an impression of ruin and desolation through the medium of a very ingenious bit of composition. The dragging curtain, the broken mirrors, the tawdry isolation of the boxes, the helpless appearance even of the floor—all are recorded with a coherence and an atmosphere that are quite remarkable.

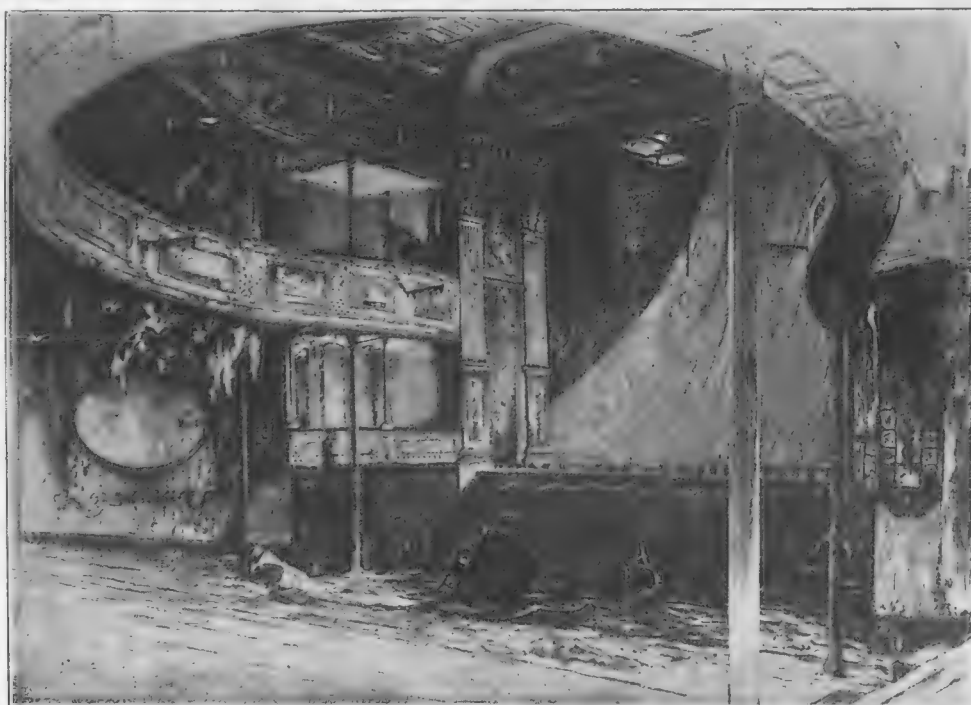
We have received an announcement to the effect that the Spanish Exhibition at the New Gallery will

close on April 11. There is, therefore, time for anybody, within reasonable distance of London, "whose eye may meet this paragraph," and who has not yet made himself acquainted with the excellence of the exhibition in question, to repair his omission before it is too late. One or two pictures of Velasquez; one or two early Murillos, before he adopted the fatal habit of relying upon sheer prettiness for his effectiveness; a quantity of lovely lace, embroideries, fans, and of books, and other pictures by great Spanish masters, make a national collection which, so far as we know, is absolutely unique. It is true that the New Gallery has a way of doing unique things; but, if possibly we except the Stuart Exhibition of five or six years ago, we are inclined to award the palm, not only for artistic merit, but also for curious interest, to the Spanish Exhibition, that will, in so short a time, be dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

A very interesting and important sale took place the other day at Christie's, consisting of the modern pictures and water-colour drawings of the late Mr. Alexander Macmorran, of the late Mr. Hiram Craven, and of the late Mr. William Vokins. The prices were, in some respects, singular. A Marcus Stone of 1878, "Time of Roses," was sold for 290 guineas, and a Leighton of 1861, "Paolo e Francesca," went for 90 guineas. An Alma-Tadema, "A Roman Scribe writing Despatches," fetched 325 guineas, and an Orchardson, "Choosing a Weapon," 410 guineas; whereas two Turners, "Mayence" and "Gorhausen on the Rhine" went respectively for 65 guineas and 54 guineas. A Holman Hunt of 1867, "Il dolce far niente," was sold for 205 guineas; a Cooper of 1876, "The Orphans," for 260 guineas; and a Vicat Cole of 1877, "Arundel," for 225 guineas—all, we should say, excellent prices for work that is scarcely ranked now upon the level where it stood when it was first published to the world in the Royal Academy. Among other prices, it was interesting to note that a Clarkson Stanfield actually captured the sum of 190 guineas.

A somewhat less important sale of "objects of art" took place on the same day at Willis's Rooms. Miniatures, mirrors, exquisitely painted panels, caskets, repoussé bowls, Augsburg cups, enamel plates *en grisaille*, oval medallions, Louis Quinze clocks, silver shields, Spanish Gothic silver figures, and, in a word, all the paraphernalia which would make the fortune of a story by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley in the *Yellow Book*, were brought to the hammer, and realised between £7000 and £8000.

The death of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., at the advanced age of eighty-seven, removes from the world of art a man who had faithfully and fully fulfilled his life's work. His portraits were vastly admired fifty years ago, and at this day they remain as a most pleasing and interesting record. He painted practically all the distinguished and representative men and women of that day, including Queen Adelaide, Prince George of Cambridge, Newman, Manning, Wilberforce, Buxton, Gurney, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, Macaulay, the Duke of Newcastle, Sidney Herbert, Lord Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury, and a host of others among the distinguished and the great. He had done no regular work practically for fifteen years—in fact, since his wife's death in 1881. He had received all the technical rewards which his art could give to him. One of his meritorious works was the organisation for many years of the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House.



THE STAGE OF THE OLD PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—W. MONK.  
Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

## THE ART OF THE POSTER.

## A FRENCH MASTER.

Even if the Bohemia haunted by Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird is only to be found in the "Pays de Cocaigne," artistic Paris differs strangely from its London counterpart; there the smug world of villadom is non-existent, and the names and addresses of many penmen and painters of world-wide fame are absent from that misnamed compilation, *Tout-Paris*.

"Steinlen? Well, I really hardly know where he *is* to be found," observed the editor of a great Paris paper, for which the famous illustrator does two weekly cartoons. "I believe the name of his habitation is 'Cats' Cottage,' and that it is to be found somewhere in Montmartre, above the Cemetery, and not far from the Moulin de la Galette. Jump into a *fiacre*, and when the cabman declines the journey, as he will certainly do, observe calmly, 'J'y suis, j'y reste,' and he will have to give way at last."

With these encouraging words sounding in my ears, I found my way (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), with the help of a grumpy Jehu, to the furthestmost heights of Montmartre. Up the steep and least-known side of the Martyrs' Mount is a corner of Paris unknown to most Parisians, a spot covered with rudimentary market-gardens, wooden shanties, and so called "cottages," the whole linked together and separated by

lane-like streets, lined by terraced gardens, even in winter not devoid of greenery and blossoms, for the French yield to none in their love of gardens and *la petite culture*. Small wonder that he I had come to see had pitched his tent in such surroundings, for from Cats' Cottage can be seen a marvellous panoramic view of old and new Paris, a sea of grey roofs lying below the quaint square orchard which forms so excellent a playground for tiny Mdlle. Steinlen. The studio in which the artist



received me looks more like a carpenter's shop than a conventional *atelier*, though the bare wooden walls are hung with some striking examples of his own and his comrades' work.

"Perhaps," he observed, as we sat down, one on each side of the huge wooden table, on which lay the first sketch of a poster design, "I had better begin at the beginning, the more so that my career cannot in any way be said to be an eventful one. As I believe you know, I am of Swiss parentage. I was born and educated at Lausanne, and first came to Paris some fifteen years ago; for there is not much artistic work of the kind I then did want in Switzerland. I turned my pen and pencil to every kind of work, beginning as a lithographer; then some of my wall-paper designs were successful, and I soon received many orders from both paper and silk manufacturers. But I never neglected my own work, and I always specially delighted in drawing and painting cats. Well, I one day sent in a cat-cartoon to the *Chat Noir*, and this happy inspiration may be said," he concluded, smiling, "to have been the first step in my more successful career."

"And what sort of pussies do you affect, Monsieur?"

"Oh, quite the common *chat de gouttière*. Yes, inasmuch as I like cats at all, I prefer the lively, intelligent, if plain Paris grimalkin to his sleek, long-haired, and sleepy Persian rival. At one time this place was overrun with cats and kittens, hence the name of my habitation; but I soon found that I was in danger of becoming a 'cat-artist.' People imagined that I could do nothing else. I turned my attention to rabbits, cocks and hens, and ducks, leaving horses and dogs to my betters," added M. Steinlen lightly. "Of late I have almost entirely given up the study of domestic animals for that of men and women. On the whole, I benefit by the change, though my sitters are not always so agreeable."

"And do you work from life?"

"Yes, inasmuch as I invariably study from human documents; but I never employ professional models. When going out I always take a note-book, and every time I enter a boat, train, or omnibus, I find a whole gallery of sitters ready to my hand. Every workman, every washerwoman, every *grisette* I meet on my way has something about him or her characteristic of his or her profession. I keep every note I have

ever taken, and then, when I am in need of a special type or figure, I open one of my portfolios and take out the sheet on which it was once inscribed, for I am fortunate in the possession of an excellent memory, and I have never found it necessary to keep an index of my drawings."

"You have lately made a special study of the Parisian poor?"

"Yes, I consider them as being far more picturesque, both in bearing, clothing, expression, and general characteristics, than their

more prosperous brethren. The life of the café is also full of interest. I always try to place any types of which I make use in their own surroundings; and when I am ignorant of a certain *milieu*, I go out and seek for what I want till I find it.

"Are most of my cartoons coloured? Yes. At one time I used only red and black. I now find it possible to bring in many other tints. I do this in a very simple fashion; I first draw the design in ink, get a block made, and then colour the proof." And M. Steinlen showed me a curious arrangement in which tracing-paper played a not unimportant part in producing the final result as seen by the purchasers of the *Gil Blas Illustré*.

"Your poster-work must take up a good deal of your time?"

"I have not done much of that kind of thing. Perhaps the drawing which served as an advertisement to Yvette Guilbert is the best-known; but I do not consider that piece of work was successful, from the poster point of view," he added modestly; "for anything that is designed with a special view to impressing the imagination and the eye of the passer-by should aim at extreme simplicity of colouring and drawing. I personally prefer the poster done by me some time ago for a firm of milk-contractors," and he pointed, smiling, to a large *affiche* nailed up on the wall opposite us. "You see, it is my little girl and three of her cat playfellows all about to enjoy a saucer of milk. But you must not think that I am only interested in producing day-to-day work; I thoroughly enjoyed illustrating Bruant's songs, and I am glad to say that they have been among my most successful drawings."

"And how about landscapes?"

"I am devoted to Paris scenery, and rarely find it necessary to wander far away from my own home in search of the beautiful. I assure you that I am not exaggerating when I say that, during the spring and summer months of the year, this side of Montmartre might be a hundred miles away from a great city. Indeed, excepting when business calls me, I rarely go down into real Paris." And when I found myself, some twenty minutes later, once more *en plein boulevard*, I realised how wide a distance separates Cats' Cottage and L'Avenue de l'Opéra.

#### THE EXHIBITION AT THE AQUARIUM.

The Poster Exhibition now being held at the Royal Aquarium equals, and, indeed, surpasses the first one, which took place eighteen months ago. It is worthy of note that its predecessor produced results and modifications now clearly apparent, for the posters of 1895 are a great advance on those produced in previous years. Poster-collectors—for the craze is spreading rapidly—will find much to covet there.

Of the excellent and varied collection of French *affiches* shown there is little new to say. Chérét remains indisputably first, and his work has the further advantage of thoroughly fulfilling the business requirements of those whose goods he has been commissioned to advertise. He is equally happy when calling attention to a poetic pantomime ("L'Enfant Prodigue") or setting forth the merits of a mineral oil (Saxoleine). Still, as he deals almost entirely with red, yellow, and blue, rather than with secondary or composite tints, there is a certain sameness about his work, and it is, of course, plain that his *affiches* are literally designed for the hoarding, and not intended for close or detailed examination. Lautrec, if he is to be judged from the six examples exhibited, indulges in entirely different methods. With the exception of the "Eglantine Troupe," where he gives an idealised and graceful group of the dancers in

question, he pays little or no attention to the class of subject advertised. His effort is rather to produce a successful design, a striking picture, than to tell a story or illustrate a fact; and his success as a poster-painter probably depends on the fact that he, on the whole, appeals to an artistic public quick to appreciate and notice good work.

Grasset and Steinlen are both represented, the former by an advertisement of the June number of the *Century*, which compares curiously with the work of Bradley, Rhead, and Penfield. Indeed, all the American exhibits are strikingly individual, and their designers seem to have borrowed little or nothing from the French or English branches of the art. Entirely eschewing the immense posters which are now so universal in London and Paris, the American artists content themselves with designs rarely occupying more than nineteen by fourteen inches—indeed, E. Penfield's *Harper* posters are, in a sense, as highly finished as are many easel-pictures; and, in several of his most successful designs, that for May 1894, and those for June, August, and October of 1895, he utilises a considerable knowledge of landscape art with excellent effect. Bradley's *Chapbook* designs are also exceptionally charming, and explain the present American poster-collecting mania.

Mr. Dudley Hardy, who is adequately represented, possesses all the qualities which distinguish Jules Chérét's work, and yet each of his designs is strongly individual, and he is far more daring as regards colouring than the French artist ever cares to be. He also greatly differs from Chérét in the composition of his larger posters, for the latter rarely makes use of more than one figure, while Mr. Hardy, especially in his later work, has not feared to group together three, four, and five figures. He was also, apparently, the first to use the picturesque bicycle in a pictorial sense, and his "Cycling at Olympia" is instinct with life and movement.

Mr. Edward Bella has been fortunate in obtaining so many characteristic specimens of the "Brothers Beggarstaff" posters—several more than those mentioned in the excellent illustrated catalogue. They include the non-published "Don Quixote," as fine a piece of imaginative work as was ever designed for a hoarding. The two artists (Messrs. J. Pryde and W. Nicholson) do not seem to have been really influenced by their Parisian art-training; their work is wholly individual, and up to the present time they have generally contented themselves with the use of a few neutral tints—grey and brown put, of course, in juxtaposition to white or black. Thus, their most successful designs have been stencilled on brown paper, proving once more, if it were necessary to do so, the limitless resources of silhouette.

Aubrey Beardsley's signature is not attached to a single exhibit, but the influence of his strange, uncanny genius is evident in several successful posters. Detaille, Caran d'Ache and his rival Forain, Puvis de Chavannes, and last, not least, Herkomer, are among those exhibitors whose names are not connected with this branch of art.



THE CENTRAL PART OF THE POSTER OF "JEDBURY JUNIOR," AT TERRY'S THEATRE. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Weiners, Ltd.



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S POSTER FOR OLYMPIA. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, Ltd.



WITHIN THE MEANING OF THE ACT.



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

# "THE ROMANCE OF THE SHOPWALKER."

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



TOMKINS THE SHOPWALKER (MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH).

*"Why wasn't I nobly born?"*

Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Charles Marlowe's new piece, "The Romance of the Shopwalker," which was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on Feb. 26, provides Mr. Weedon Grossmith with a part in which his peculiar humour is almost unapproachable among English actors. The theme treated by the authors is certainly not new; but Mr. Buchanan and his collaborator have built round it a story which is comic without being cruel, and funny without being vulgar, and the aspirations of Thomas Tomkins, if scorned by the audience as the curtain rises, arouse much sympathy before it falls. The play is admirably acted by the following cast—

Thomas Tomkins	...	...	Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.
The Earl of Doverdale	...	...	Mr. SYDNEY WARDEN.
Captain Dudley	...	...	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.
Mr. Samuel Hubbard	...	...	Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE.
Alexander MacCollop	...	...	Mr. DAVID JAMES.
Mr. Catchem	...	...	Mr. C. H. FENTON.
Conningsby	...	...	Mr. T. HESSEWOOD.
A Shopman	...	...	Mr. SKINNER.
Lady Munro	...	...	Miss M. TALBOT.
Lady Evelyn	...	...	Miss MAY PALFREY.
Lady Mabel	...	...	Miss NINA BOUCICAULT.
Dorothy Hubbard	...	...	Miss ANNIE HILL.
Mrs. Tomkins	...	...	Miss M. A. VICTOR.

Miss Nina Boucicault has never done anything half so clever as the picture she presents of Lady Mabel. Mr. David James manages, with one or two lapses, to maintain a Scotch accent which is, on the whole, realistic, though it cannot approach the splendid Scotch of Mr. Felix Morris in "On 'Change." Mr. Sydney Warden, as the Earl of Doverdale, is, as always, neat and incisive. It is a pity that the other Sydney—Mr. Brough—has such an insignificant part as that of Captain Dudley. "The Romance of the Shopwalker" is going on tour.



LADY EVELYN (MISS MAY PALFREY).



LADY MABEL (MISS NINA BOUCICAULT).



LADY MABEL AND LADY EVELYN.



TOMKINS AND LADY EVELYN.



TOMKINS AND LORD DOVERDALE (MR. SYDNEY WARDEN).

*"Take one of my cigars—they're not cabbage."*



TOMKINS AND HIS MOTHER (MISS M. A. VICTOR).

*"To look at you is to love you."*



TOMKINS AND ALEXANDER MACCOLLOP (MR. DAVID JAMES).

*"Who could resist you?"*



LADY EVELYN AND TOMKINS.

*"Do you mind turning your eyes the other way?"*



LADY EVELYN AND HER FATHER.

*"Father, let me share your troubles."*



MR. HUBBARD (MR. VOLPE) AND HIS DAUGHTER (MISS ANNIE HILL).

*"Understand, I won't have it!"*



TOMKINS AND MR. CATCHEM (MR. C. H. FENTON).

*"Twenty thousand a-year!!!"*



LADY EVELYN AND CAPTAIN DUDLEY (MR. SYDNEY BROUGH).

*"Tell me you still care for me."*



LORD DOVERDALE, TOMKINS, AND LADY EVELYN.

*"I hope he'll overlook it."*



MACCOLLOP, HUBBARD, AND TOMKINS.

*"Have some champagne?"*

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE MERMAID: ANCIENT AND MODERN.



SWEET NOTHINGS.



EASTER MANŒUVRES

PERPLEXED UMPIRE (*who has lost his men*): Have you gentlemen happened to see such a thing as an army about?

## IN A SPANISH CAFÉ-CHANTANT.

There are few Café-Chantants in Madrid, and they are all bad. Yet they are true Café-Chantants, and not gorgeous and oppressive music-halls. Disappointed with many, disappointed especially in not being able to discover in Madrid the shadow even of the famous Spanish dances we read about, I dropped in at last accidentally into the Café del Pez.

The Café del Pez is in the workmen's quarter. At the square tables arranged on the dingy floor, the workmen, and occasional workwomen, are sitting smoking cigarettes, imbibing very crude wines or coffee, and gossiping gravely.

On the stage—a narrow affair, raised just above the floor—a company of dancers appear, one man playing a viol, another a guitar, three young women, one of extraordinary beauty, also a couple of very small girls (sisters), and a couple of boys. All are in the costume appropriate to the dance, the young women wearing mantillas and a sort of polonaise, the little girls the gay Sevillian attire. One of the little girls dances first, with one of the little boys, a *cachuca*. What lively flings, what dramatic gestures, what fire in the movements, while the audience remained almost impassible, smiling gravely! The youngsters seemed to dance by instinct. Applause!—during which the unconcerned and innocent little Sevillienne pulled up her stocking and readjusted her garter.

Then the young women danced in succession. The first of them was dark as a Moor; and looking at the dance, listening to the sharp-pitched din of the music, and the tom-tom-like beating of the little drum, and gazing round at the types sitting at the tables, I could realise the force of the proverb, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees." The Moors have left their traces in the swarthy complexions, the grim mouth, the suggestion of *sauvagerie* that seems to lower beneath the Spaniard's grave visage. Also in the dramatic dances, with their pantomime of coquetry, and in the slow, voluptuous, sweeping movements, whose only burden once again is love, and in the sharp pitch of the songs, and in the tom-tom-beating, and the castanet-crackling. Only the Turks and the Moors possess in common with the Spaniards the rolling, supple motions of the body as well as the fire and energy of that dumb eloquence. A Spanish dance is a drama, a poem.

The Moorish blood has improved the stock, and in Cordova and Granada especially the finest women in Spain may be found. And Carmen Garcia was a gem among beauties. Carmen rose to dance. The dance of Carmen was a slow, Oriental dance—languorous, voluptuous, a dance not of the feet or legs only, but of the whole body. And, as the dance progressed, the undulations of her body deepened, the sinuous movements enveloped her whole form, acquired more force and power. Her dance was received with a silence which was more expressive than the applause that had greeted the lively and dashing steps of the others.

Carmen's costume consisted of a mantilla on the shoulders, a robe covered with a kind of open-worked polonaise dotted with black balls, which beat lightly as she danced, and white satin shoes. Her hair was done in an elaborate coiffure—dark-brown, rich, thick hair, rolled and coiled, and drawn up high behind. Her features were regular, all good; the eyes deep and black and lustrous; and the whole countenance at once restful, calm, and full of the possibilities of fire, animation, and passion.

One had time to observe all these matters as Carmen danced; but now the dance increased in vigour—or, perhaps one should say, in intensity—the movements became a little more complicated, the swaying and bending of the body less reserved, the feet moved more freely, and finally, with a bold and dramatic finish, the dance came to a sudden end.

Afterwards I invited Carmen and her two young friends to have a cup of coffee at my table. They did so. Also several copitas of crude

wines and many cigarettes. Carmen smoked and drank, and spat on the floor in the calmest manner in the world, reposeful and content, yet giving intimations of fire, of animation, and of passion. She was from Seville, she told me, where it was a sort of natural right of the ladies to be very good-looking. She was content, but not unduly proud. And she asked for another copita, and spat calmly on the floor.

But do I mean to imply that beauty is a vain thing and that the dance is no great accomplishment? No. In looking at Carmen Garcia, I thought that beauty was one of the rarest and most desirable things in Nature, and that the dance was superior in rank to almost any other acquirement. For this girl, who smoked cigarettes like a groom, who drank too many copitas, and spat on the floor like a fishwife; this young Sevillian, with her calm beauty, with its hints of animation and passion, with her accomplishment of form, and her dance, was one of those ravishing creatures for whose smiles men do great deeds, for whom men fight and die, through whom they feel that sudden throb of the heart that lifts them beyond the common round. Carmen Garcia was one of those who make the joy, the poetry, the tragedy of life.

### PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is well within the last half-century that pictorial advertisements will have been found to have become more than ever a special feature in all serial publications, and quite irrespective of the class interests they were originally intended to subserve. So noteworthy a change, it is almost unnecessary to say, is concurrent with the extraordinary rise and progress of the illustrated newspaper, which dates from the inception and publication of the *Illustrated London News*, May 14, 1842, by the late Mr. Herbert Ingram. On reference to the earlier volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, the attractive pictorial advertisement of to-day stands out in striking contrast with that of fifty years ago, when it was more often than not limited to five or six lines of small print. Mr. Ingram, from the first, was not only averse to any change in this respect, but he also made the attempt to restrict advertisements to one page of his paper; to enable him to give effect to this restriction of space, he determined to exclude all advertisements relating to quack nostrums. This led to

a certain amount of ill-feeling on the part of those interested in this department of trade; nevertheless, it was strictly adhered to for many years—in fact, until the repeal of the taxes which had for years weighed so heavily on newspapers and so seriously retarded the spread of knowledge.

Mr. Ingram was certainly the first newspaper proprietor who had the courage of his opinions in this particular, which might, without doubt, have seriously jeopardised his well-thought-out and great undertaking. The *Illustrated London News*, it is almost needless to say, from the first met a public want, and the secret of its success throughout its triumphant career is that it has always maintained its high position in spite of the host of imitators which have appeared on every side, and received a considerable amount of public patronage.

The illustrated newspapers, compared with other newspapers, are what poetry is to prose, or what music is to debate, or what the theatre, full of striking groups and appropriate scenery, is to a matter-of-fact lecture. Their excellent illustrations are children of the fancy as well as of actual everyday life and of the doings of the world; they are not only papers of news, but also pictures of nature and art; they are intended to instruct and refine the feelings and the taste, and, at the same time, convey information; they are not only the chroniclers of events, but, so to speak, their shadows and graphic forms—in short, a weekly panorama of men and things. With the more recent improvements in illustration, the value of these papers is even greater than ever.

H.



AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

## MANORBERE CASTLE.

*Photographs by Valentine, Dundee.*

THE Castle of Manorbere was one of the many strongholds erected in Wales by the companions of William the Conqueror for the subjugation of the country. It was built in 1124, by William de Barri, from whom descended a long line of warriors, who held the fortress and Manor through many centuries. Though situated in a hostile country, and standing through so many years of tumult and war, it was never besieged, with the result that its outer walls are still intact at the present day, and show no signs of

decay, except those that can be laid to the assaults of the fierce winds and drenching rains which descend so fiercely on this open Atlantic coast.

The only danger of attack which the castle ever ran was during the Parliamentary wars, when Cromwell was laying siege to Pembroke Castle, six miles off. The royalists who held Manorbere, on hearing of their danger, among other methods of defence, threw up a stone breastwork across the entrance to the keep, and mounted guns on it. But Cromwell had other work on hand, and, fortunately, left the castle as we see it to-day. The stone ridge of this breastwork is still visible, and its foundations are cut through by the drive which approaches the drawbridge.

The present aspect of the castle is most picturesque. Built on a central tongue of land between two hills, its grey, turreted walls stand strong and square, looking out over the sandy bay, past the headland of St. Govans to the broad Atlantic beyond.

The low, grassy hill on which it stands slopes down, on both sides, towards broad valleys, which in the old days were filled with fresh-water lakes well stocked with fish. They still have strong, clear streams running through them to the shore.

On the slope of the northern valley was originally the deer-park, with its high stone wall enclosing many acres of moor-like land. Much of this wall still exists, though in a ruined state, except where the interlacing ivy-stems of an unknown age have preserved it to its original height.

A circular Norman dove-cote, built of stone, and made picturesque by tangled growths of ivy and wild-flowers, still nestles under the shadow of a small grove of gnarled and wind-riven ash-trees, on the slope of the deer-park. This, with the lakes and surrounding land, must have had its share in furnishing the supplies to the numerous company which made up the lord's family and his body of retainers. Judging by the number of ovens still intact in the quadrangle, one must suppose that the inhabitants of the castle made up a considerable community.

Manorbere Castle is celebrated as the birthplace of Geraldus Cambrensis, the truculent Archdeacon of St. David's and historian of Wales, who excommunicated his own bishop and took three journeys to Rome to lay his claims to the Bishopric of St. David's before the Pope. This restless cleric, whose birth-room, shown in one of the round towers, is still used as a bedroom by the residents, gives a long and graphic description of his birthplace and its beautiful surroundings in

one of his works. In his enthusiastic admiration he allows his logic to run away with him thus—

Dimetia, therefore, is the most beautiful, as well as the most powerful, district in Wales. Pembroch, the finest part of the province of Dimetia, and the place I have just described the most beautiful part of Pembroch. It is evident, therefore, that Maenor Pyrr is the Paradise of Wales.

During the last century, the castle was taken possession of by smugglers, who, under the cover of dealing in corn, managed to do a roaring trade in more profitable though less legitimate commodities. These they stored, with great ingenuity and success, in the vaults and passages of the building. The ruins are to-day honeycombed with passages and chambers in which the illicit merchandise was stowed away, and many are the legends still told in the village of wonderful feats of rapid landing of cargoes, clever circumventing of the Preventive Officers, and of the fortunes made by the farmers round, as their share of the dangerous work. About thirty years since, Mr. J. C. Cobb, of



MANORBERE CASTLE.

Brecon, obtained a lease of the castle from the lord of the manor, and restored some of the inner buildings with good taste and much ingenuity, making them habitable, without destroying the picturesqueness and stately character of the *tout ensemble*. The courtyard was cleared and levelled, put into good order, and turned into a sunny, grass-covered quadrangle of peace and beauty, an ideal resting-place for the poet and artist, where, surrounded by the flower-decked walls, and the venerable, ivy-covered towers, one might dream away the hours in conjuring up the scenes of the olden time, when stalwart warriors and clanking soldiers crossed and recrossed the garth on their various duties.

The chapel, which adjoins the banqueting-room, is in the west end of the courtyard, and is of later date than the rest of the castle; probably it was built in the fourteenth century. The *piscina* and *sedilia* still remain in good preservation, and also a canopied tomb, which has been turned into a fireplace by some vandal of the last century. On its walls are traces of fresco decorations, and the crypt is said to have been the castle chapel in earlier times. Below this crypt is a secret chamber cut in the solid rock, which was constructed by the smugglers, and could only be reached through a subterranean passage from half-way down the well.

The numerous defences, chambers, and passages which are unaltered by the hand of time, as well as the ancient appliances which are still surviving in this old-world residence, bring forcibly to the visitor's mind the ways and habits of our ancestors, and enable him to realise very vividly their mode of life during the centuries from the Conquest downward.

E. S.



MANORBERE CASTLE.

It is delightful to see the revival of interest in that great, beautiful, and wise writer, George Borrow. Messrs. Macmillan send out a new edition of "Lavengro," with an Introduction by Mr. Birrell. Of "Lavengro" and its wonderful and enduring charm nothing needs to be said. Mr. Birrell's Introduction is bright, entertaining, and sufficient. Some notes would not have been amiss. Mr. Murray, who was Borrow's original publisher, has sent out a pleasing edition of the "Bible in Spain," in two volumes. It has notes and a glossary by the late Mr. U. R. Burke. There are some good etchings—the best of them, "Segovia," from a sketch by Mr. Hallam Murray.

## SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

## XIII.—MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

The history of the house of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton does not take the inquirer much farther back than the middle of the present century, so that, at the present time, the house may be said to be creating its annals. The history of the house really commences with the firm of



MR. M. H. HODDER.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley.

Jackson and Walford, which published children's, religious, and other works in the 'fifties; afterwards the style of the house became Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, the publishing business and copyrights of Ward's house having been acquired at the time of the change. The more modern history of the house dates from the year 1868, when Mr. Matthew Henry Hodder was joined by Mr. Thomas Wilberforce Stoughton, and together these two gentlemen have built up one of the most prosperous publishing businesses in Paternoster Row. Two highly successful publishers may be said to have "graduated" at Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's, namely, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, who has already appeared in this series, and Mr. Hutchinson.

For many years Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, in what may be described as an un-

exciting but progressive manner, continued to carry on the business principles and traditions of their predecessors; every now and again, however, demonstrating that the firm was a thoroughly live one. Religious books do not offer, as a rule, much margin for sensationalism, although, as publishing investments, many are highly remunerative. They may not make much "show" in the literary columns of the daily paper, and be "reviewed" in batches of a score or so in the columns of the weekly critical journals; but they come out "at the top," as the Americans express it, in the publisher's ledgers. In this respect, indeed, they resemble school-books—things which the average book-collector would rather trample on than collect, but out of which oftentimes comfortable fortunes have been made. If religious and semi-religious books formed the backbone of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's business, they were not at all insensible to promising manuscripts of books which dealt with less exclusive matters. For instance, when Thayer's work, "From Log Cabin to White House," the story of President Garfield's life, was sent over from America, it was offered to and refused by at least two publishers in the "Row"; when it came to No. 27, the firm at once detected its merits, and published it in the spring preceding the brutal assassination of the subject of the book. It immediately achieved a great success, and nearly a quarter of a million copies have been sold in its half-dozen different forms; the murder of the President naturally gave the sale of the book an immense impetus. Even the first two books which

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton published were of a general rather than of a special interest—"The Beggars; or, Founders of the Dutch Republic," by J. B. de Liefde, which is still in print, and Daniel Gorrie's "Summers and Winters in the Orkneys."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's religious publications have been, for the most part, of a Nonconformist character, but even in this they are not exclusive. For instance, one of their most popular books is the late Dean Alford's "State of the Blessed Dead," which for over twenty-five years has enjoyed a constant popularity. The Dean, like many other eminent Evangelical Churchmen of the day, was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Stoughton's father. The "Expositor's Bible" also, a huge undertaking, in nearly sixty volumes, occupying ten years in publishing, is the joint work of Churchmen as well as of Nonconformists. This firm has from the beginning made a speciality of books for boys and girls, and their lists, from Barry Pain's "Graeme and Cyril," issued at six shillings, to a number of others published at ninepence each, include a great variety of first-class reading. In this connection it may be interesting to mention that twenty-five years ago



MR. T. W. STOUGHTON.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

they published story-books for boys written by one "Sidney Daryl," who is now editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is better known to the present generation as Sir Douglas Straight.

During the past ten years Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have made a great variety of advances. When, after twenty years' of good work, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox retired from the editorship of the *Expositor*, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll was appointed, and commenced his duties in 1885. Dr. Nicoll is known as a man of uncommon ability and untiring industry, and within a few months of his appearance at 27, Paternoster Row, he started the *British Weekly*, which, as a journal of social and Christian progress, has achieved an unusual success—one of its oldest rivals, in fact, has gone so far as to describe it as "by far the ablest and most readable of all the religious weeklies." Since its establishment the paper has been enlarged three or four times. It has published some of the most successful stories of some of the leading Scottish novelists, notably of Mr. J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren. Following quickly on this success came the establishment of another journal, the *Bookman*, a monthly periodical which has taken a very high place with book-readers, book-buyers, and booksellers; this also is edited by Dr. Nicoll, in addition to the *Expositor* and the *British Weekly*. Indeed, Dr. Nicoll appears to be one of the few men who regard hard work as a species of recreation. The firm's latest success is the *Woman at Home*, edited by Annie S. Swan, a bright, cheerful, and entertaining magazine, dealing with every phase of interest or consequence to women. Of Mr. Barrie's and Ian Maclaren's books hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold—within the last six months about sixty thousand copies of the regular edition and over a hundred thousand of the cheap issue of the latter's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" have been sold in America alone, to say nothing of the several pirated editions, for which, of course, neither author nor publisher receives any "consideration"; in this country the book has reached its tenth edition, and of the same author's "Days of Auld Lang Syne" fifty thousand copies have been sold.

Practically, all the works of Professor Drummond are published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The greatest success of all, the much criticised "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which was refused by one or two publishers, is now in its one hundred and twentieth thousand. The ethnological and other works of Sir J. William Dawson, F.R.S., of which this firm issues half-a-dozen, have also enjoyed an extraordinarily wide circulation in this country and abroad. Jane Barlow's Irish stories and studies and the works of Sarah Doudney also enjoy a

great popularity. "Nothing but Leaves," of the latter, is already in its sixteenth thousand. Among the oldest of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's books is "Le Petit Précepteur; or, First Steps to French Conversation," by F. Grandineau, formerly French master to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and of this admirable treatise over fifty-seven editions have been called for. Of Dr. Stoughton's monumental "History of Religion in England, from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the End of the Eighteenth Century," in six volumes, crown octavo, three editions have been printed; and of the same venerable author's—Mr. Stoughton's father is now in his eighty-ninth year, and in possession of all his faculties—"Recollections of a Long Life," a most interesting book, two editions have been called for.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have a number of interesting works in the press, notably "Records" of the Life of Sir Arthur Stevenson Blackwood, compiled by a friend and edited by his widow, while the autobiography, issued to the public within the last few days, of Adeline Countess of Schimmelfmann, with her life at the German Court, among the Baltic fishermen, and Berlin Socialists, and in prison, offers a variety of reading not often met with in autobiographies. Archdeacon Sinclair's "Leaders of Thought in the English Church," from Cranmer to Tait, will be published immediately, and ought to prove interesting; while "Ian Maclaren" will appear under his name of the Rev. John Watson on the title-page of a work to be entitled "The Mind of the Master." Among quite recent publications by the firm, special mention may be made of Miss Agnes Giberne's "A Lady of England; or, The Life and Letters of Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker," now in its fourth thousand; the first volume of "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Dr. Nicoll and Mr. T. J. Wise; the Rev. J. D. Hepburn's "Twenty Years in Khama's Country," now in its third edition; and a scientific story-book by Dr. Henry C. McCook, "Old Farm-Fairies," otherwise "A Summer Campaign in Brownieland against King Cobweaver's Pixies."

The head of the firm, Mr. Hodder, has been in the publishing business nearly all his life, and is sixty-five years of age; Mr. Stoughton, who is his partner's junior by ten years, first commenced active work in an East India merchant's office, and the training which he received there has proved invaluable to him in his present sphere. He has travelled much, on business as well as on pleasure.

W. R.



DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## DARTON'S GREAT PICTURE.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

All that we knew of her was that her name was Bertha, and that she was Darton's model. As for me, I had never spoken to her in my life. When she knocked at my door at considerably after midnight, and brushed past me into my room without a word of explanation, I naturally concluded that something was up.

"Anything wrong with Darton?" I asked quickly. "Is he worse?"

"No."

I was out of candles, and, owing to a difference with a myrmidon of the gas company, my supply had been cut off. Therefore I was sitting in the darkness. But I had a great north window, curtainless and blindless, and a flooding shaft of yellow moonlight lay diagonally across my floor. She had stopped in the very centre of it, and I smoked my pipe and looked at her. For the first time I understood Darton's enthusiasm. I looked at her with a new respect. Her black gown was shabby and untidy, and the hall-mark of what usually passes for profligacy was upon her cheeks. She was swaying, too, a little unsteadily—perhaps she was drunk. But all the same, I looked at her with new eyes.

"Take a chair," I suggested, placing one by her side. "It's all right if you sit down carefully, and keep your skirts off the broken canes."

She shook her head, but drew the chair towards her, and leaned over its back. I looked at her and sighed. There was immortality in that pose. If Darton failed, it would be his own fault. By-the-bye, perhaps he had heard. Perhaps that was why she was here.

"Any news of the picture?" I asked.

She took not the slightest notice of my question. I don't think she even heard it. I smoked on and wondered. Not that I was in any hurry. The longer she remained like that the better I was pleased. As a whole, she was beyond my powers of reproduction, but the lines of her half-crouching figure, the pose of her drooped head, one faint suggestion of the writing upon her face, was capital to me. My personal curiosity was already gone. There was something greater in the room, and I was being drawn into it. I cared not why she had come. I was only anxious that she should not go. When she spoke I was sorry.

"Do me a service!"

I nodded. What did she want? Not money! People knew better than to come to me for that. Nevertheless, there was a half-sovereign in my pocket—my last—and it was hers for the asking. My fingers closed upon it that I might be prompt in offering, but it was not money.

"They say that you are clever at making rapid sketches. Come and make one for me."

I took up a block of paper and a couple of pencils.

"Whereabouts?"

"In Darton's studio"

I nodded. "Half a minute!"

I filled my pipe, and handed her a cigarette. She took no notice of the proffered box. She was looking through me, through the walls of my room, away into some dark corner of the world. She did not see me, or hear my voice. I would have given that half-sovereign, and gone dinnerless for a week, to know what thoughts were rushing through her brain—what she saw behind that lifted curtain. For a moment I envied her. She was living! The limits of her little life had fallen away. She was in that shadowy second world where the great winds of fate go roaring over the sterile plains, and the flames of passion leap up to the dark sky. How I envied her! To have felt like that with my brush in my hand would have meant immortality. To her, the model, it came; and me, the artist, it passed by. I sighed, and struck a light.

She left the room, and I followed her down on to the second landing, where Darton's studio was. She held up a warning finger, and opened the door softly. I passed by her side across the threshold. A tallow candle was burning upon a box. She took it up and held it over her head. I stood by her side.

I knew then why, for the last month, we had all been excluded from Darton's studio. I knew what had been thrown under the mighty wheels of the Juggernaut of success, what had gone to the making of Darton's great picture. Poverty had swept me bare enough—we were all poor together in our little colony. Most of us had kept starvation off with pot-boilers, and renovations, and hack-dealer's work of some sort or other; but Darton, since his great picture had come to him, had put away all these things as unholy. How he had lived had been a mystery to us. Now that I looked round his room, and at the girl by my side, things seemed clearer to me. Every article of furniture was gone, except the easel. The walls and the carpets were perfectly bare. There was no fire in the grate, nor any signs of food. On the box, close to where the candle had been, was a pile of pawn-tickets. There was the brand of starvation in the room, in the spiritualised thinness of the figure by my side. The first glimmerings of the truth commenced to dawn upon me.

In the far corner the foot of an iron bedstead protruded from behind a torn and faded curtain of red baize. Shading the candle in her hand, she glided from my side, and drew it back along the bending string.

Darton was sleeping there upon the bare frame of the bedstead, his body covered by a woman's brown ulster, his head resting upon a rolled-up skirt. His face was so white and thin that, for a moment, a new-terror seized me. Then I saw that he was breathing heavily. His hand, drooping down to the floor, clutched a letter, retained even through his sleep by the spasmodic clasp of those long, delicate fingers. She let the curtain fall, and came back to my side.

"Draw it for me," she whispered. "Everything! Him!"—she pointed to the bedstead—"the letter, those"—she pointed downwards at the pawn-tickets. "Everything! Softly! Let him sleep; he is worn out."

I did her bidding. It was a trick of mine, this rapid sketching. Sometimes it brought me money when my art failed me. So I did her bidding.

She moved to the curtain. "Put me in."

She turned to face me, and my heart was sick for a north light, for my palette and brushes. But, as the thing seemed to me by the miserable light of that single candle, I put it down on the paper. When I had finished, I looked at it almost with awe—for the first time my knack had come into touch with what there was of the artist in me. There was a tragedy there, in those few hasty strokes. I looked at my work, and I coveted it.

"Is it finished?" she asked, looking half-fearfully towards the bed.

"It is finished."

She came to my side, and held out her hand; but I hesitated.

"Let me make you a copy. This is so rough, and it would be useful to me."

"There must be no copy. Let me have it!"

She raised her eyes, and I hesitated no longer. I gave it to her.

She offered me no thanks, for which I was grateful. How the night was passing with them below I could not tell. But I sat over my fire till its white ashes were cold, and the chill dawn-light filled the room.

Next morning we all knew the news. The Royal Academy had been graciously pleased to accept Darton's great picture, and by almost the same post he had received news of a legacy of three thousand pounds. I am free to admit that the last piece of news had an immensely exhilarating effect upon me. He came up to my room with a fat bundle of notes in his hand. He had been to see the lawyer.

"How much is it, old chap? You haven't kept my I.O.U.'s, have you?"

I laughed at him, and we sat down together and pondered over the matter. He made it at least fifty. I put it down at thirty. We struck a balance at forty, and I stuffed the notes into my trousers pockets with a feeling of great wealth. It was more money than I had possessed all at once for many years.

Darton was excited. He walked backwards and forwards across my bare floor, with a scarlet spot burning in his pale cheeks, talking incessantly. Every now and then he stood where she had stood last night. I looked at him, and I longed to ask a question. But my tongue was tied. So he talked, and I listened. He was to become famous; his pictures were to fetch great prices; he was to build that wonderful studio of which he had dreamed, and in it there was always to be a corner for me, or any of his old pals who chose to come to him. The world of which we had talked and wondered over together was to be opened for him, and, through him, for Fred, and for Dick, and for me. And still I listened, and listened in vain. He did not speak of her.

But it came in a day or two. Darton was giving us a dinner at Mariette's—he had spoken of the Savoy, but we had laughed in derision. Where were our dress-coats, our patent boots—even our tall hats? We were not of the world of the Savoy diners. Besides, had not Mariette trusted us, one and all, in our direst straits? There was not one of us who had not owed him for many dinners—as a matter of fact, there was not one of us who was not at that moment in his debt. Mariette had trusted us, and Mariette should have our cash. Besides, was there not Burgundy in his cellars—old Burgundy, with a yellow seal and a cunning flavour; and as for the dinner, Mariette himself would put on his white apron and cook for us! What could be better? So Mariette's it was.

We were all there, Darton at the head of the table, in the wildest spirits, Fred at his left hand, and I at his right. Dick had come late, and sat by my side. A dandy was Dick, with a great bunch of violets in his coat, and a flavour of the West-End in his clothes and bearing. Anyhow, we were all there, and dinner was half-way through, when I could stand it no longer. I tossed off a glass of Burgundy, and looked at him.

"And Bertha?"

His face clouded over. He set down his glass with a gesture of annoyance.

"She has left me."

I looked at him hard. We all looked at him. He helped himself to an *entrée* with nervous, shaking fingers. No one went on eating; no one spoke. He threw down his knife and fork like an angry child, and looked at us defiantly.

"How can I help it?" he exclaimed. "I did not drive her

away. She left me of her own free will. I offered her half my legacy, yet she went."

"Tell us," Dick said quietly, and I echoed his words. We were all grave. Eating had become a farce.

Darton poured himself out wine and drank.

"Well, I will tell you then. You shall hear the whole story. You shall be my judges and hers. You know that I took her for a model. Where she came from, and who she was, God only knows! But her face is the soul of my picture. You see, I admit it. Not only that; I was poor; I could not pay her. She came still. Presently, she gave up her rooms and came to me. Her little odds and ends of furniture she sold, and the money came to our joint housekeeping account. You know what that meant. It went into my picture. She was in the chorus of the Frivolity, and every penny she earned went the same way. I earned no money for months, as you fellows know. My picture absorbed me; I was drunk with it. Bertha found me food, and drink, and tobacco, and she paid the rent. She was my model, and I simply lived upon her. But that isn't the worst."

He threw himself back in his chair, and wiped his forehead. The perspiration was standing out upon it in beads. Fred leaned forward encouragingly.

"Never mind, old chap; you can make it all square with her now. What luck!"

Darton took no notice. I do not think that he heard him.

"Towards the end," he went on, leaning forward, and speaking in a thick whisper, "things went worse. Her play was taken off at the Frivolity. Bit by bit, we sold every stick of furniture. When my picture was finished we were half starved—and there was the frame. I went to David's; the fellow had lost faith in me—he would not advance a penny. All one night we sat and looked at one another. The picture was finished, but we were faint from want of food, and there was no frame. I had borrowed from all you fellows. There was no one else in the wide world. We looked into one another's faces, and Bertha—she had been so plucky all along—burst out sobbing, and then I'm afraid I wasn't what you'd call manly myself. Then she sprang up, and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. When I looked up, she had gone."

"Well, in less than an hour a commissioner brought me an envelope, with a sovereign in it. I knew that it came from Bertha, for the address was in her handwriting, and I thought she must have found out some old acquaintance and borrowed it. I bought food and drink, and it was life to me! Presently she returned. She came in, followed by one of David's men, and, without looking at me, she pointed to the picture. The man took it away, and I went with him. The frame was paid for, she had paid for it—and the money—was stolen!"

He poured out a glass of wine and drank it. The mask of gaiety had fallen from his face. He was ghastly pale. And we were all silent. We waited.

"It was not until I came back from David's that I knew the truth. She was lying sobbing upon the bed, and when I would have gone to her she pushed me away. I must not touch her! she moaned. I must never touch her again. And then at last I saw her face——"

He held out his hand across the table.

"D—n! Let me finish! She did not go away! I fainted, and for many days I was scarcely conscious. All the time she watched me, brought me food and wine, and kept me alive. And when I got well—she was in prison!"

I tried to raise my glass to my lips, but it fell shattered upon the table. We scarcely noticed it or the little stream of red wine. Dick retained presence of mind enough to wave away the advancing waiter. We were all breathless.

He looked from one to the other of us, and swore a deep oath.

"Haven't you fellows a single grain of sympathy to offer me?" he cried. "Why do you all look at me like that? Am I a culprit? Are you my judges? They were very lenient with her. She was out in a fortnight. I showed her my letters. Half of my legacy was hers, I told her. What in the name of all that is horrible could I do more? Could I keep her with me? Would you have had her here with us?"

"In the seat of honour!" cried Dick, his eyes all ablaze. "At your right hand, now and for ever!"

"That's d—d nonsense! She had behaved nobly. I know it, and I told her so. But how could I go on living with a woman who had been—who had been—in prison? A thief!"

I got up and I struck him across the lips, so that the blood came through my fingers. Then my hands were held. The others hesitated; but I went away, for I knew more than they knew.

Perhaps, after all, the blow was a mistake. At any rate, the breach between Darton and myself was not final. We met afterwards, and spoke for the sake of those days of wonderful good-fellowship, when we four had fought our great battle with poverty so cheerfully. So it was that Darton sent me a card to see his pictures, when his new studio was built.

Darton had become fashionable, and he was engaged to a rich girl. I stood in a corner of his long reception-room, watching the throngs of people passing through, until I hated the man. I could not go and speak to him. That night still stood out from all others in my memory. Across the daintily tinted walls I seemed to see, in letters of fire, the price of his great picture, his great success—a woman's soul!

A rustling of skirts, the floating into the air of a familiar cheap scent,

the uplifting of a closely drawn veil! I looked around in horror, but there was no one to see us.

"You have not forgotten me yet, I see," she said, with something of the old softness in her tone. "Well, you see, I am here! Don't you think it is time?"

She held up a little roll she was carrying. I recognised it, and my heart stood still. It was my sketch. Now I understood. I looked away from her, over the heads of the people, to where Darton was standing, with one hand resting upon his easel, talking to a tall, handsome girl. "He is going to be married, they say," she whispered.

"I have heard so."

She opened the sketch, and looked at it. Then she glanced up at me with an odd smile.

"Will you show me the young lady?"

I waved my hand around the room.

"It's all your doing," I said softly; "the picture was yours; it was your flesh and blood."

"And my soul," she murmured.

"Is it worth while to undo it all? You have made your sacrifice; why render it useless? Let him alone."

"You are right," she said quietly; "it is not worth while. Here!"

She tore the sketch in pieces, and placed them in my hands. There was a dimness in my eyes as I took them. When I could see clearly, she was gone.

I hurried after her. Darton's butler stopped me in the doorway.

"I trust that that person did not annoy you, sir," he began, anxiously. "She had a card, and I could not catch Mr. Darton's eye, so I was forced to admit her."

I pushed him on one side and hurried down the steps on to the pavement. She was out of sight. There was a grey mist hanging upon the pavements, and somewhere she vanished into it. I have never seen her since. I do not expect to see her again. Darton and I are strangers.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Mr. Quiller Couch's new story, "Ia," is dedicated to Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. Barrie is credited with suggesting, if not the idea of the book, at least its development in the form of a comparatively long story. Mr. Quiller Couch is one of those authors who, while much admired by the discerning, have never quite succeeded in taking the public by storm. Something, we cannot tell what, hangs between them and the general heart. "Ia" is not an advance on the author's previous work. It is not exactly a retrogression—there are parts of it as well written as anything we have from his pen; but, in some respects, the story is weak, especially in its portrait of the hero, who is as mean and sneaking a figure as has recently appeared in fiction, and who lacks individuality. The heroine is more attractive, with her frankness, her courage, her impenitence, and her determination. But why she should have been sent to America with a fortune puzzles us. Would it not have been better if she had worn out her life in the Cornish village in poverty and in helplessness? The best bits in the book are descriptive, and some of these are excellent. But "Q" can do much better work than "Ia."

The famous Nonconformist novelist, Mark Rutherford, gives us another novel, "Clara Hopgood" (T. Fisher Unwin). Mark Rutherford was never, probably, a safe exponent of Nonconformist orthodoxy; but, in his early books, he had the Nonconformist conscience in a pronounced degree, and they had all the strange impressiveness of profound conviction. In his recent story, "Catherine Furze," and still more in "Clara Hopgood," the Nonconformist conscience is very much at a discount. Maud Hopgood is an independent, pretty, well-educated young woman, with notions about Tennyson, Wordsworth, and others, who gets engaged to a good-looking but rather commonplace young man from London. We are given to understand that she regards him with physical passion and intellectual contempt. She gives her passion way, and when it is satisfied her contempt has its turn, and she refuses to marry him. Nothing happens. A child is born, but that does not seem to signify to anybody. Maud Hopgood's mother and sister accept the child with considerable philosophy, and, in due time, Maud succeeds in winning a middle-aged Jew widower, who had previously shown a certain partiality for her sister Clara. This gentleman, who is a student of Spinoza, is quite satisfied to ignore his wife's past. Her former lover is contented with his cousin, who is a brilliant musician. Both couples live happily ever afterwards. Why the book should have been called "Clara Hopgood" is difficult to see. We are told very little about Clara, except that she was plain, with a good figure, innocent of any wrongdoing, and willing to marry the Jew if he had asked her. In her generosity she spares him for her sister, and goes out to Italy to work for Mazzini, dying in eighteen months. The book is, in parts, very well written, and there is a certain amount of preaching in it. In the opinion of some readers it will appear to be much more immoral than some which the libraries have refused to circulate.

Mr. Baring-Gould's "The Broom Squire" (Methuen) has its scene laid in Surrey, and many will be inclined to read it when they hear that it contains much information about Hindhead. Mr. Baring-Gould is a widely informed, if not very accurate, archæologist, and he is very skilful in weaving facts into his stories. Readers should, nevertheless, be warned from his latest work. A more hateful story than "The Broom Squire" was never written. A well-known novelist once remarked to me that Mr. Gould's tendency was to brutality, and this is undoubtedly true. Here he gives his inclination unchecked rein, and the result is a collection of horrors. The one alleviation is that hardly a single character lives. They are all mechanical creations. At the end a feeble diversion is attempted. We have the heroine and the man who might have been the hero placed in a somewhat new light. The attempt fails, however, like everything else in this unhappy story. Mr. Baring-Gould is never a contemptible writer; he has always a certain mastery of his art, and there is a thread of interest running throughout his books. But his merits were never so low, and his faults never so glaring, as in "The Broom Squire."

Mr. H. E. W. Mason has given us a brilliant romance in "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" (Macmillan). The hero, a student of Leyden University, is at first noted merely for his bookish ways. Under stress of circumstances, he develops into something very like a swashbuckler. He breaks at night into the castle of the Count of Lukstein, in the Tyrol, and kills the owner, whose newly married wife stands by the while in a somnambulistic trance. Later on he fights a duel on the Bristol Road, and kills his rival in the affections of the widowed Countess. The Lady Ilga is a charming heroine, but it is singular that we never again hear anything of those sleep-walking expeditions which brought her to the scene of her husband's death. She changes from a nervous invalid to a daring sportswoman with a celerity which requires some explanation. This book, regarded simply as a story, is equal to any of Mr. Weyman's later work. It is full of dash, adventure, and the stir of arms. The slowest reader will not lay it down before the end. The title-page tells us that the tale is "the record of the growth of an English gentleman," but we could wish that our gentleman had returned to his Cumbrian home with less blood on his hands. Modern fiction-writers should take an example in this respect from Scott. The heroes of the Waverley Novels are rarely allowed to carry duelling to an extremity. Hector Macintyre recovers fast enough from Lovel's wound. Even Henry Seyton dies with the words, "I would I had not that old man's blood on my hands." o. o.

Once more the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges, and the international kaleidoscope has received yet another shake. A little while ago England was pressing reforms on the Sultan with the nominal co-operation and real resistance of France and Russia. In the Far East, France, Russia, and Germany were coercing Japan in assumed opposition to England. Then, again, came a considerable quarrel between Germany and England—which latter at once began to approach France and Russia. Suddenly the Italians are beaten in Abyssinia, a Soudan expedition is to start from Egypt, and the Powers fall back into their old positions, England backed by the Triple Alliance, and France merely enjoying the lukewarm support of Russia. Our "splendid isolation" has not lasted long.

But the late and present crises—there is always a crisis of some sort about—teach us one great lesson. Victory in the international conflict of interests is to those who choose a line and stick to it at all risks—provided, of course, that their action is not too obviously a violation of the interests of others. The advance to Dongola will do more than a century of good administration to make the British occupation popular. A fertile province is to be rescued from the cruel fanatics who have done their best to turn it into a desert. The security for the bondholders will be increased by a prosperous district; the pressure on the Italian colony may probably be lightened; and a beginning will at last be made with the work so long neglected—the recovery of the Soudan for civilisation.

It is possible that our dear friends across the Channel will absolutely refuse to credit that our action is in the interests of Egypt; but their belief is at all times at the mercy of what they regard as patriotism. So patriotically blind are they that they affect to believe that the Khedive is recovering one of his fairest provinces against his own will, driven on by the brutal threats of Milor Sir Cromer! It would be about as rational to suppose that France would not take back Alsace if she had a chance! It requires comparatively little tyranny to force a young sovereign into recovering a rich province by a successful war!

At any rate, it is pleasant to feel that we are no longer hated and plotted against by everybody. With regard to Egypt, it seems plain that the Dongola expedition will have a free hand; the French menace has injured none but its authors. In so far as the enterprise aims at adding a rich tract to Egypt, it is in the interests of the bondholders; in so far as it advantages Italy, it does not injuriously affect Menelik, who seems to have received considerable assistance, avowed or not, from some European source. Thus, from neither the financial nor the international standpoint can France object very strongly to the aims of the expedition, and it is probable that her representatives will see this, and forbear from sulking in an undignified manner. It is French sulking that has kept our troops in Egypt, and will keep them there.

Though, after all, why have not British Cabinets taken up an obvious weapon, and offered to treat for the contemporaneous evacuation of Egypt and Tunis? We may have very little right in Egypt; the French have no right at all in Tunis. We went to restore order, and safeguard financial and other interests; the French crossed into Tunis on a supposed expedition after a mythical marauding tribe, and promptly took possession of the country on their own account alone. Whenever our Gallic neighbours are clamorous about our mote, let them be reminded of their own beam.

After many years of abeyance, once more has poetical satire revived in our land. And not only this, but the gifted author has actually disclosed his name. Of course, everyone knew the name beforehand. There are only two people who think it worth their while to attack their supposed unfavourable critics in book-form, and the other one writes prose. Anonymity, in such circumstances, was only to be compared, as an efficient concealment, with the traditional device of the pursued ostrich. Never was an onslaught so kindly received. In literary circles one meets with bitter complaints of the satirist from eminent literary men, but this is because they have been left out: "What has X. or Y. done," an author will plaintively remark, "that each has ten lines, all to himself, in the satire; whereas, *my* name is never even mentioned? It is unfair—go to, I will slate the bard, or his half-sister, and then shall I be included in a future edition among the little tin gods of—"; but I say no more.

In fact, we literary men want to be satirised—badly. Doubtless we have had our wish in the last respect; but we ask for more. Those not yet distinguished by the enmity of the gifted author of "Fiddle of a Fiddler," or whatever it may be, are waiting anxiously to see their names in a second series or enlarged edition. If he leaves them untouched, they may go down to posterity as ardent admirers of his verse. And then—what *will* become of their critical reputation? MARMITON.

## A TENDER MORSEL.

MISSIONARY: Surely you remember Mr. Twaddles, who preached the Gospel to your tribe ten years ago?

ASHANTI: Oh, yes! I remember him very well. He was delicious. —Life.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

It seems to be reserved for Mr. Chamberlain to say all the interesting things which emanate from members of the present Administration. His speech last week on Free Trade within the Empire and Protection against the Foreigner, though not delivered within the House of Commons, will some day be remembered as marking an epoch. This is the Jubilee Year of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Cobden Club is going to celebrate the event in its usual mild way by entertaining (or being entertained by, I forget which) Mr. Leonard Courtney. But there are substantial reasons for thinking that this Jubilee Year of Free Trade is really the beginning of a new era which will be characterised by a return to Protection more than anything else. There is no doubt whatever that the cause of Protection, though officially scouted by both political parties, is making great headway among the people. It is not the farmers only, but the urban working-men, who call for protection against unfair competition from abroad. The Trade-Unionist, who is hit by the foreign "blackleg," is as keen as anybody on the subject. "Protection," whatever the leaders may say, is making gigantic strides among the masses. It is strongly supported now among the rank and file of Conservative politicians. The leaders will be compelled to follow. And, as if to challenge such an imputation, here is Mr. Chamberlain definitely formulating a scheme for so far modifying Free Trade as to confine it within the bounds of our own Empire, to the exclusion of foreign nations. It is another link between Mr. Chamberlain and Conservatism. For this Imperial policy is distinctly British and Conservative, and utterly opposed to that cosmopolitan idealism which marks in varied degrees the policy represented by Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt, and the Radicals generally.

## THE ADVANCE OF THE PROTECTIVE PRINCIPLE.

Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's Pure Beer Bill last week was only a fresh example of the Protective measures already accepted in principle by the present Parliament. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, in his very tactful speech, the acceptance of the Marking of Meat Bill (on which I commented last week) had shown that the House of Commons accepted to the full the principle of distinguishing between foreign and home products. The Bill promoted by the Board of Agriculture for keeping diseased cattle out of the United Kingdom pointed in the same direction. Further legislation that is promised—for instance, the Government's own Alien Immigration Bill—is based on similar lines. Defective in detail as all such Bills may be, the principle of discriminating in favour of the home product is evidently popular in the present House of Commons, and circumstances may at any moment make this disposition coincide with a sympathetic proposal on the part of the Colonies. This seems to me to be intrinsically the most *interesting* political movement that is visible at the present day. British trade is at the bottom of British greatness, and the future of British trade seems to lie really in its relations with the Empire as a whole.

## BEER.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach proved his capacity as a leader by offering Mr. Quilter a Select Committee if he would withdraw his Pure Beer Bill. Mr. Quilter had been privately canvassing on behalf of his Bill for weeks, and had obtained a sufficient number of promises of support to carry the second reading. Mr. Balfour had promised to vote for the Bill, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had done the same, and had, in fact, practically agreed to accept the Bill on behalf of the Government if some trifling alterations were made. But the brewers were doggedly opposed to any such interference with their trade as would be involved by a measure insisting upon "beer" so-called being only brewed from malt and hops. The Government had either to displease the brewers or the agriculturists, who in this case seemed likely to carry a majority. But by offering an inquiry and getting the Bill withdrawn, a rather awkward corner was successfully turned. The discussion itself was very amusing.

## OBSTRUCTION AGAIN.

A great disappointment was in store on Thursday for the visitors who went down to the House to hear Sir John Gorst introduce the Education Bill. The Naval Works Bill still had a few clauses which required to be got through in Committee, and it was supposed that three hours in the afternoon would finish them off; but it was not till twelve o'clock that the Naval Works Bill was reported to the House, and that was too late for Sir John Gorst to make his statement. For hour after hour the division bells had been continually ringing, in order that a handful of some twenty or thirty Irish and Welsh members might waste the time of the House. The only question of any real interest was one which might have been better discussed on the Budget, but Sir John Lubbock insisted upon pedantically objecting to the devotion of this year's surplus to the Navy. Five or six extra millions would otherwise go simply to reduce the National Debt, which, even without them, will be smaller this year by seven millions and a half. Yet Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Courtney profess themselves horrified at anything being done to alter the arrangements for reducing the Debt. Mr. Goschen bluntly remarked that one of the difficulties was that Consols could not be bought, even if it were good finance to pay off debt while we are raising money for the Navy. Sir William Harcourt is in perfect agreement with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as to the wisdom of suspending this extra payment in reduction of the Debt this year and devoting the money to the Navy. Anything else, in the present state of the money-market, would be financial pedantry of the worst kind.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The debate on the Soudan War was a very interesting but a very inconclusive one. There was no passion about it, but, curiously enough, neither side has worked itself into anything like an ardour for or against the adventure. Certainly the Unionists do not like it. After Mr. Chamberlain's speech, member after member on the Unionist side either shook his head or held up his hands in troubled uneasiness. On the other hand, the Opposition are not absolutely united. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are unquestionably strong against the Government, and firm in their belief—which is shared by at least nine out of ten members with their following—that the whole affair will end in disaster. But there is a small section which does not take this view, and which speaks through the mouth of Sir Edward Grey, and, some believe, of Lord Rosebery. The ex-Premier does, indeed, show himself more and more out of touch with the bulk of Liberal feeling, and there cannot be much doubt that the inspiration of Sir Edward Grey, who practically approved of the expedition in principle, but objected to it on the ground that it ought to have started from Berber and Suakim, was not a happy thought. On the other hand, the real force of Opposition criticism has been delivered through the mouth of Sir Charles Dilke, whose speeches on the Soudan have been by far the most powerful that have fallen from his lips since his return to public life. Mr. John Morley's opening attack was an excellent piece of careful criticism, but it wanted animation of delivery and ease of production. Mr. Morley never speaks in the House of Commons as he speaks on the platform. On the platform you have strong energy, a powerful and cogent oratorical note, a real faculty of persuasion. In the House of Commons you see the same mind working in a medium it does not like, and that does not give free play.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VIEW OF THE SOUDAN WAR.

It was curious to contrast the laboured style of Mr. Morley's speech with Mr. Chamberlain's fluent and unembarrassed ease. But, with all its merits, Mr. Chamberlain's reply was not among his most successful efforts. It was very bold, not to say rash. The Colonial Secretary talked of Egypt as a dependency of ours, and entered on a long and picturesque argument, the only possible meaning of which was that we were going to stick to Egypt and to reconquer the Soudan. He did all this very well and very cleverly; then came the disconcerting part of the speech. Pausing, and showing for the first time the least shade of embarrassment, Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to set out two astounding limits to the Expedition. The advance, he said, was to be conditioned by the necessity of guarding communications, and also by the fact that it depended on the resistance it might meet; in other words, if the Khalifa proved too strong for us, we were to retire; if we found that his power was breaking, we should go on.

## SHALL WE EVACUATE EGYPT?

Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Asquith afterwards ridiculed this strange way of making war as "a limited liability campaign," and it was a truthful enough description. The fact is, no doubt, that the Cabinet are not united. Lord Salisbury, who has always been in favour of the evacuation of Egypt, is said either to have been against the advance or a very lukewarm supporter of it. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain and one or two others strongly supported it in the Councils, and gained the day. Certain it is that there are some strange secrets behind. I do not believe that any despatch or telegram from Lord Cromer is in existence which in any degree favours the expedition, least of all that this man, who has practically been the supreme governor of Egypt for thirty years, ever put his name to the policy of the reconquest of the Soudan—indeed, his name has hardly been mentioned in these debates. You have had all sorts of vague references to this and that European consideration, but hardly a syllable about Lord Cromer. It is really the most astounding bit of mystery-making we have had in politics for many a long year.

## THE GOVERNMENT'S DOMESTIC POLICY.

On the whole, the Government is doing worse and worse. Its domestic policy is developing on rather strong Protectionist lines. First, you had the Meat Marks Bill; then you had the measure—an absolute Government measure, be it remembered—for the slaughtering of all foreign cattle at the port of debarkation, a thinly veiled Protectionist Bill, engineered by great breeders like Mr. Chaplin, in the interests of a mere section of English farmers. Finally, you have Mr. Chamberlain nibbling at the proposal of a Zollverein. All this points in one way, and that way is not pleasing to the Free Trade Tory members who sit for boroughs. Already a very outspoken—almost a savage—protest has come from one of their number, and there are signs that the policy of sops to agriculture is not generally popular. Government, indeed, is not homogeneous; now one section appears to get the upper hand, now the other; but it is steadily all Tory in its main elements, and is likely to go reactionary on Labour policy. If the Opposition were stronger, I should be inclined to give the Administration a much shorter lease of life than seemed probable for it a few months ago. But, unfortunately, the weakness of the Opposition is great, and has never been more conspicuously so than during the last three or four weeks. This is the more to be regretted as the present affords so many opportunities for effective criticism.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Next Saturday we are to have the last international match of the season. England is going to Scotland to avenge the great Rugby disaster, if possible. As a rule, we are as successful against Scotland under the Association code as we are unsuccessful at the handling code. But it is just possible that there may be this year the exception which proves the rule, for Scotland for the first time is to seek the aid of her subjects resident with English League clubs. That is a move calculated to inspire us with respect for our foes, seeing that most of the best professional footballers are Scotsmen.

A more delightful match than that witnessed at Leyton between the Amateurs and Professionals could not well have been hoped for. Every player realised that he was on his trial for his Scottish cap, and, though there was a disadvantage in this, inasmuch as it bred a spirit of selfishness in the paid players, the play was always keen and inspiring, as well as fought out on sportsmanlike principles, and in the end a drawn game was the result, two goals being credited to either side.

It is a remarkable fact that the professionals were infinitely less dangerous in this earnest mood than when engaged on exhibition football against the Corinthians. This has been a disastrous season for the Corinthians. They are undoubtedly weak when compared with previous great sides; but the reasons are peculiar. So far as the pure science of football is concerned, I have no doubt that a present team of Corinthians would bear comparison with many of the "have beens." Where they pale is in the matter of physique; and, if the truth must be confessed, in confidence also—one quality, doubtless, being contingent on the other.

Over and over again this season I have noticed the Corinthians begin a game against a League club in London in fine, bold style. So long as the opposition is playing seriously, so long do the Corinthians show up to advantage. It is when the professionals begin their "gallery" tricks—to the accompaniment of laughter and applause from the majority of the spectators, who, apparently, do not understand football—that the amateurs, becoming tired of dancing round the revolving dribblers, foolishly lose heart for their work and grow lax. This brings a natural consequence, for the professional now finds it easy to score, and the impression is unfortunately conveyed to the mind of the amateurs that they are being overplayed.

## CRICKET.

The tour of Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers through the Cape of Good Hope is concluded. If the results have not been so consistently satisfactory to the Englishmen as might have been expected, if not hoped, we at least have the satisfaction of knowing that African cricket has improved to such a gratifying extent as to make our victory in the rubber games far more creditable than it otherwise would have been.

Nobody will deny that Lord Hawke's was the strongest team which has ever penetrated into the Cape. Except, perhaps, that the bowling did not possess sufficient variation, it was a team which would have taken a deal of beating from any of our own counties. A most conspicuous feature of the trip has been the complete failure of Tyler. The Somerset slow bowler, although at times freely punished—as instance Mr. A. C. Maclaren's record score of 424!—has often proved dangerous over here, and Notts batsmen especially would testify to his subtlety. But over in Africa he has scarcely on one occasion done anything creditable. It is patent that the wickets there do not agree with Tyler. They seem to suit Lohmann better. The Surrey wonder has been the saviour of the side.

The success with the bat of Mr. A. J. L. Hill must be immensely gratifying to his numerous Southampton friends. It seems but yesterday that I saw Hill playing for Cambridge. By his 'Varsity he was never considered anything more than a bowler. Now he does little with the ball, but shines refulgently with the bat. His career in this respect compares remarkably with that of Mr. J. J. Ferris, the Australian, who, by-the-bye, has now severed his connection with Gloucestershire, and is once more in the land of the kangaroos.

The honours of the tour of Lord Hawke's team in the Cape of Good Hope must be shared by Mr. A. J. L. Hill, Lohmann, Mr. C. B. Fry, and Hayward. Readers of this article will remember that I predicted the success of Hayward with the utmost confidence. I always did regard the young Surreyite as a coming "class" man. His batting is the nearest approach to the style of the incomparable Arthur Shrewsbury that can be hoped for. Fry's batting has been a revelation, probably to himself as much as to anyone. Let us hope that he will repeat his triumphs when doing duty for Sussex.

## BILLIARDS.

Much has been said *pro* and *con* the notorious "push" stroke in billiards. When it is remembered that the "push" stroke has been in vogue and winked at for years, this sudden crusade must seem strange. The chief object of attack is the one and only champion, John Roberts, for the reason, doubtless, that others are merely following his example.

A question such as this, on the face of it, can admit of little in the way of controversy, being, in short, a point of "law." There is a rule of billiards which prohibits the striking of the ball twice for one stroke. It has been clearly proved that the "push" stroke involves a double hit, the object being to facilitate the progress of the cue-ball. *Ergo*, the "push" stroke is illegal. This fact must have been discovered years

ago. The wonder and the pity is that the Billiard Association did not put an iron hand down upon its usage before it gained so firm a hold as it now possesses.

The sole merit of the "push" stroke is that it calls for almost as much skill as most other strokes—say, for instance, the common "follow-on." The "follow-on" stroke is undoubtedly a pretty stroke to watch; and so is the "push" stroke, which is the reason of its popularity with entertainers. For the same cause, the "jam" stroke, which, amusingly enough, is legal so far as the rules are concerned, is almost invariably barred in matches for money—or rather, matches announced as for money, which is by no means the same thing. For the sake of peace, it is to be hoped that a compact will be speedily made to abolish the troublous "push" stroke.

## GOLF.

The Parliamentary Golf Competition is now well under weigh, and is proving even more successful than usual. It is a remarkable and a painful coincidence that thus early Mr. A. J. Balfour and his brother, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Gerald Balfour, should have had to withdraw through accidents. The Leader of the House has, I regret to hear, suffered severely from a cycling fall. Before retiring, he had halved his match with Mr. John Penn, M.P.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild always entertains largely at Ascott for the Northampton Meeting, and, what is more, he generally wins two or three races at the fixture. Ten years or so ago, Mr. Leopold used to invite the members of the sporting press to a day's outing at Ascott, and very enjoyable outings they were, too. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is very popular among the reporters and the jockeys, and he has been known to give the best advice to professional riders having a few thousands to invest in the City.

Not many months back quite half-a-dozen of the advertising tipsters owned racehorses. At the present moment not one member of the fraternity has a thoroughbred in training. This does not speak well for the prognosticator's business. The fact is, the halfpenny papers have ruined the "golden wire" trade, and selling marked cards on the course is no longer the *El Dorado* of yore. True, one or two of the leading men, such as "Old Jack," continue to make money, but the majority of the racecourse tipsters are down on their luck.

The result of the Lincoln Handicap points to the chance of Victor Wild for the Jubilee Stakes, and the public will, as a matter of fact, support Mr. Worton's champion filly. I happen to know that one jockey would have given £500 for the mount on Victor Wild in the Royal Hunt Cup last year. I also know that Clorane won that race a bit cleverly, and that's what made Robinson so confident at Lincoln. It can be added in Victor Wild's favour that he runs well over the Kempton Course, and I, for one, should not be in the least surprised if he were to win the Jubilee Stakes.

Very little will be done over the City and Suburban until after Easter. Many people fancied Reminder for this race, and it is a pity that Lord Marcus Beresford has found it necessary to strike the horse out. No doubt, Indian Queen will now become a warm favourite for the Epsom event, as, I think, Mr. Weatherby, who framed the handicap, let her in lightly. La Sagesse is fancied by some of the believers in horses for courses. I do not pin too much faith on her Oaks victory, as many of the fillies behind her were very moderate. She is a good-looking mare, but not by any means reliable.

It requires some courage to criticise ladies' fashions, but really the present colours worn by ladies in their hat-trimmings are calculated to give those reporters who have to describe races colour-blindness. To be looking at the rainbow as wafted o'er numerous heads in the members' enclosure, and then to have to make out some of the racing-jackets a mile off, is too much even for the talent. Ladies little dream what an annoyance their ribbons are at times to the poor members of the fourth estate.

A firm of advertising contractors are advertising for the right to print and sell race-cards. I have not the slightest idea who the firm are, but their announcement leads me to repeat what I have written many times—that race-cards ought to be given away, and this could easily be done if advertisements were printed on all of them. Clerks of Courses ought to see plainly that their interests would best be served in the long run by letting the public know all about the entertainment forthcoming. I am certain "Free Race-cards" will be a popular cry presently.

The Rules of Betting are strictly adhered to in Tattersall's Ring, but in the cheap rings the bookmakers continue to pay first past the post, and do not entertain objections. Yet we read in pretty well all the racecourse announcements that "No illegal betting is allowed." The half-a-crown punter has been neglected far too long, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club should spend a few afternoons per week in the cheap rings. Welshing is still rampant at many of the little meetings, and at some of the big ones. This should not be.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 7.30; to-morrow, 7.32; April 3, 7.34; April 4, 7.35; April 5, 7.37; April 6, 7.39; April 7, 7.40. When to extinguish:—To-day, 4.36; to-morrow, 4.34; April 3, 4.32; April 4, 4.29; April 5, 4.27; April 6, 4.25; April 7, 4.23.

The charming illustration here given portrays an elderly but ambitious gentleman in his cycling novitiate. Doubtless the "Pope Manufacturing Company" have it that "the first lesson" should be to pay



HIS FIRST LESSON.

a visit to Messrs. Vigor's sumptuously appointed rooms in Baker Street, there to make inspection of the "Columbia" bicycles, a type of machine which unquestionably bears comparison with any on the market.

The head of Messrs. Vigor's establishment, who is the direct London representative of the famous "Columbia" bicycles, has just returned from a visit to the American works, brimful of enthusiasm and energy. He claims for his machine all the qualities of any other, and a few in the way of surplus. Certain it is that the "Columbia," bearing itself proudly in the warehouse, makes an imposing picture. As a fact, most machines look alike from a superficial standpoint. The "Columbia," however, not only does not fear, but is all the better for analysis. In the pedalling arrangements are to be found sundry improvements lacking in other machines.

Here is ample testimony to the worth of the "Columbia" bicycle. All machines are obliged to pay *ad valorem* duty upon entering Canada. It, of course, remains with the Custom officials to determine the value. The many claims put forward by the various makers were somewhat perplexing to the officers, and some accurate method of determining the valuation was, therefore, necessary. Accordingly, the Canadian Government sent an appraiser to visit the principal bicycle factories and ascertain, as far as possible, the exact value of the various makes. The investigation covered a long period, and was decidedly thorough, the result being that "Columbia" bicycles are rated  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. higher than any other make.

It has been said that cycling, by taking people into forgotten by-ways of the country-side, will re-establish Boniface, revive the prosperity of the rural parts, and even, maybe, arrest the immigration into the great cities which patriotic statesmen have been deploring for many years. One can quite believe it. Last week I was staying at a country house in Wiltshire, and heard of little else than cycling. In Wilts, as in North Hampshire, you feel quite out of the run if you do not possess a bicycle. My host told me he had just persuaded seven people to join Lady Norreys' Cycling Club. That is a pleasant association, and the subscription is only five shillings a-year. It enables one to go many charming picnic expeditions to some of the loveliest places in England in amusing company. The club often forms parties who join in long expeditions for perhaps a week at a time.

Miss Rollit, with her tall, slight figure, and pretty, fair, fluffy hair, dressed in the most lovely costumes, is often seen riding, with her hands sometimes in her muff, while last summer she generally carried a red sunshade! She is often accompanied by Lady William Nevill, who, though graceful, is a much more timid cyclist. Lady William Nevill is always dressed in black, with a neat black toque—a much less extravagant costume than her companion's, but extremely becoming.

Mr. Zola advises all brain-workers to take to cycling, and some of them have obeyed his behest. Among these is Mr. Douglas Fawcett, author of "The Riddle of the Universe," who lately published an interesting article in *Cycling* entitled "Round and About Montreux." Mr. Fawcett has won several prizes on the race-track, and will probably secure many more.

Cannot some sort of covered standing-room for cycles be provided outside the British Museum? Many people are asking this question. Assuredly no harm could be done to the building by placing bicycles beneath the shelter of its friendly porch. They would not be in the way of anybody; they would be sheltered from rain, and no one could then interfere with them. Many men who live miles away from the Museum are obliged to be in the reading-room regularly, if not daily, and many of these could save time by cycling to and fro if only they were sure of being able, during their stay at the Museum, to obtain shelter for their machines. Nothing ruins even the best-made cycles so quickly as heavy rain, which, in spite of all modern improvements, contrives to penetrate to the delicate parts.

Here, indeed, is an opening for any energetic working-man with only a very small amount of capital at his disposal. He might rent a covered yard, or even a ground-floor room, or an empty cellar, somewhere near the Museum, for a comparatively trifling sum, and advertise "Standing-room for cycles." It would soon be crowded every day. Then he might extend his premises, and advertise "Cycles thoroughly cleaned." There is a very good opportunity for an industrious man to make money by cleaning cycles. Several well-known firms of cycle-makers are now sending circulars to their customers—some of these firms call their customers "clients" or "patrons"—to the effect that a man can be sent to the cyclist's residence every ten days or so, in order to clean his machine, and see that it does not need repairing. The sum charged is from three to four guineas a-year, or from two shillings to half-a-crown a visit.

The accompanying photograph shows an "Elswick" cycle, demonstrating how an extraordinary amount of dress can be cleared, so that a lady riding in an ordinary riding-skirt has plenty of room for the lower



THE NEW LADIES' ELSWICK.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

portion of the dress to fall right over the feet, even when the pedal is at its lowest point. It also demonstrates how cleverly the head of the machine is braced by the truss-frame. This makes the machine not only very steady in its action, but very strong. The rider shown here is the wife of Mr. Butler Humphreys, who so ably controls, among others, the well-known Cycling Department of the London Stereoscopic Company, Limited, Regent Street.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

London streets are never more amazingly incongruous than in spring, and for this women are entirely responsible. Men, whether they come fresh from pig-sticking in the tropics or prospecting in Westralia, are invariably and immediately resolved into conventional citizens by the levelling tendencies of silk hat, frock-coat, and shiny boots. In the feminine transition from wintry furs to the flower-crowned *chapeaux* of



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April ides there is, however, a horrid intermediate stage—the hobble-dehoy interlude of fashion, which Englishwomen *en masse* have not yet learned to bridge over gracefully. A few fine days, a much-sighed-for sight of the sun, and we severally fly full-tilt at the milliner's, to issue forth in all the fascination of the latest headgear. But our capes, and our frocks, and our too, too solid boots remain and still preach eloquently of wintry winds and inch-deep pavements. Never has this general unfitness of things struck me more forcibly than within the past week, when a respectable show of sunshine, after weary weeks of downpour, has caused a universal crop of spring millinery to appear, in all its present vividness of green and pink and purple, above the unsympathetic cloth and sealskin of our "remainder." From a country cousin this may be held excusable, but in a mondaine with a decent dress-allowance and Bond Street within hail it seems to me to be a cardinal misdemeanour against the first laws of form and fashion.

Practically speaking, too, those *demi-saison* daintinesses on which a Frenchwoman sets such store are, if possible, more necessary to our colder seasons, where the transition from winter to summer is much longer than beyond the Channel. Yet never will those well-equipped daughters of France offend all the canons, as we often do, by driving forth in tulle-crowned *coiffures* and otherwise heavy toilettes that would not misfit a St. Petersburg November.

Apropos of the Cossack capital, I know two enviable persons who, by reason of a cousin at Court or other convenient relative, have set forth already *en route* for the Coronation, and are at present in Paris, one of them, at least, giving interviews of great amplitude to the dress-makers. In a letter, where she enlarges on the ineffable charms of this delightful town when well armed with *billets des banques*, this young woman adds that all the best dressmakers are just now in the seventh heaven of hard work and money-getting. Nothing but frocks for the Coronation is heard on all sides—this for Madame la Princesse, that for Madame la Comtesse—and it was only by the exercise of some self-assertion and many smiles that a great man-milliner could be brought

to promise her a ball- and dinner-gown in time. As both are to figure at some functions of the festive fortnight, it may be worth mentioning what they are to look like when finished. The dinner-gown is a Louis Quinze brocade in rose satin of extreme richness, the inevitable stripes of that period being wrought in lines of gold and silver thread. A design in natural colours of roses and violets, with the foliage worked in black, will make a very gorgeous plumage, old family lace being used on sleeves, bodice, and at intervals on the skirt, in a fan-shaped design. The ball-gown is a lettuce-green satin, with trails of pink velvet primulas in several shades, and flouncings of guipure, closely jewelled with paste. Both dresses read admirably, and should certainly subjugate the Muscovite fancy to a proper state of abject admiration.

Ireland was the destination of a pretty outdoor dress I met some days ago. It was at Madame Oliver Holmes's, and on the point of immediate departure from Bond Street to Hibernia in company with a tea-gown which to look at was to love. Both are indicated in these sketches. The first-named was of dark-blue woollen canvas, made on shot blue and black taffetas, which material also formed an inexpressibly dainty variety of outdoor mantelette, sleeveless, and meant to be worn over the bodice proper. Square revers of the silk, edged with a double kilting, finished this jaunty arrangement, which, quite tight-fitting at the back, disclosed a vest of white satin, under jewelled and embroidered guipure, which adorned the "house-bodice." Small panels of the taffetas were laid at intervals at the foot of the skirt, these further embellished by gold braidings and small silver buttons.

I glanced at a theatre-bodice of light almond-green silk, under cloudy puffings of chiffon to match, to receive the impression of its being the most delightful colour on which eye could rest. A zouave of canvas lace, embroidered in pale green and thickly powdered with paste, added a last touch of art, these tiny points of light, over its delicate green, giving it a look of being, like the poet's roses, "newly steeped in dew." Indeed, that bodice richly deserved an ode to itself. But I had



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nearly forgotten my tea-gown, before alluded to as being despatched in all its glory to the Emerald Isle—a delicious invention this of rose-pink chiné silk, with great bouquets of many-hued flowers woven in its shining woof. The Watteau back appropriately recalled a period when such silks first appeared. The front, of white chiffon over white silk, was toned down by drapery and long scarves of yellow Malines, which last also formed the gathered sleeves and adorned the square-cut neck.

By the way, grass-lawn, which so engrossed our summer affections last season, is to the front this year again, only more so. A charming

frock of this airy, fairy material over pale-blue silk caught and captured my wandering looks at Oliver Holmes's, by reason of an unusual and becoming arrangement of grass-lawn and embroidered guipure on the bodice. Among evening-gowns there, altogether ravishing was one of shrimp-pink silk under gathered mauve chiffon, both colours mingling in an effect quite delightful to the fastidious eye. Even the pale-yellow draperies of Alençon, which hung in graceful folds on sleeves and bodice, were lined with the lilac-hued chiffon to emphasise its colouring, while garlands of wistaria in many mauves were knotted in with glossy shrimp-pink satin ribbon in front, and pearl embroideries intermixed with gold appeared on the short sleeves, to give further richness to this sunset colouring. A most uncommon afternoon-dress of Louis Seize striped silk I really must make note of. The ground white, but covered close with various coloured stripes, pink, grey, blue, green, black, all melting into one harmonious scheme. Butterfly-shaped sleeves were trimmed up the centre with yellow Chantilly and knots of black velvet ribbon. This last, which is a revived and very becoming trimming, also made a pointed waistbelt, and enclosed a small square chemisette of gathered yellow lace at neck. It was what an American acquaintance present emphatically pronounced "elegant." I never heard that quaint word better applied. A cape—one of the lavish display of Parisian

models at Oliver Holmes's, and which, though not too smart for our very smart *plein air* modes of '96, would do passing well for theatre or party—was a rich white silk, with thickly strewn chène flowers as a pattern. Covered entirely with green silk net under black, its novel effect was heightened by a broad scarf of the silk, brought hood-fashion over the shoulders, and falling straight at both sides in front.

Having begun this rigmorale of fashion as it flies by, anathematising *ex officio* the "too previous" new hat, I will end all things modish by presenting the very last thing over from Drouard, which explains itself in this sketch. The straw is a greenish openwork plait, with broad ribbon-bows set stiffly erect on the crown, in which every colour in and about the rainbow glances gaily. Ruchings



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of this same ribbon under black tulle are laid on the brim, and a cluster of roses and mignonette, hovered over by a brilliant dragon-fly, under aforesaid lofty bow.

Those discriminating persons, the burglars, lately annexed from the Parisian Diamond Company's place in Bond Street tiaras, brooches, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia which we are accustomed to admire in this wonderful shop-window. These were, in great part, carried off in one bold descent by the marauders, who evidently well understood the value of their spoil.

Gem-work, even in the inspired days of Benvenuto himself, when every jewel-worker—half artist, half artisan—worked less for gold than fame, could scarcely have accomplished greater things than the lapidaries of the Parisian Diamond Company have attained to. That those pearls and diamonds are not real has nothing to do with the argument. Such paint and canvas as go to make a masterpiece are dependent on the master's hand for immortality. And the art of the highly skilled jewel-worker is not bound down for results to the material it employs for ultimate beauty or value, a fact which our logical friends, the Bond Street window-breakers, had, no doubt, satisfactorily argued out before beginning their depredations.

SYBIL.

### DRESS IN THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE.

When I heard that the distinguished amateurs of Chelsea Barracks had, this year, selected for production a piece where the scene was laid in 1901, my expectations, as regards the dresses, ran very high, and I wondered much whether anyone would be daring enough to attempt to foreshadow fickle Fashion's whims for this particular year of grace.

Evidently the task was considered too difficult, for who shall dare to say to what extremes we shall have been reduced—or expanded—by that time? Infinitely safer is it to confine oneself to the smartness of the very latest fashions of to-day; and so it happened that, in this latest Guards' burlesque, there were some entirely desirable models for the new spring gowns, to which feminine fancy is even now turning lightly and with one accord.

Lady Colville, for instance, who made her appearance in the first act as the Duchess of Stonehenge, had a perfect gown, which illustrated the glorification of the fashionable grass-lawn.

This desirable fabric, which composed both the skirt and bodice, was embroidered lightly in an openwork design, in order to reveal a lining of grass-green silk, which became more in evidence at the foot, where, beneath a scalloped and much-embroidered border of the lawn, it took upon itself the form of a finely pleated flounce. The bodice boasted of a little ruffled collar and a full vest of green chiffon, on which flashed

out two paste buttons, guarded by pointed revers of green satin, which were made beautiful by a glittering and shimmering embroidery of silver and iridescent paillettes, studded with stray pearls, while above them peeped out other revers of brilliant nasturtium-coloured velvet, matching the curiously shaped waistband, which, from the heights of the right side, came down to modest dimensions at the left, though, to make up for this, it was there provided with two loop-ends.

And the sleeves were delightful, with their shoulder-frills of embroidered grass-lawn to relieve the shirred tightness of the chiffon beneath; while the hat was worthy of the dress—green straw, with aggressive wings of green and black arranged in front, and having for background a huge bow of mauve glacé ribbon.

Lady Colville had an evening-dress in the second act of delicate green mirror moiré, the bodice revers of pink satin embroidered with silver sequins and diamonds, while lovely old lace was arranged over the puffed sleeves and as a berthe drapery above the deep ceinture, which was fastened with two diamond buttons, the front seams of the skirt being outlined with more diamonds; and then, to go back to the first act, I liked the blue serge costume worn by Mrs. Wheler as the Duchess's romantic daughter, Lady Laetitia Cromlech, for it was the perfection of smart simplicity—the skirt plain, and the bodice, which was cut short to the waist, provided with a vest of cream satin, covered with lace, and continued into long tabs beneath the black satin waistband, with its diamond buckle; while at the neck it formed two outstanding bow-ends. That was all, with a black straw hat, swathed round with blue tulle, through which gleamed a high bow of green glacé, which could never under any other circumstances have looked so curiously beautiful, the left side being occupied by a great bunch of red roses.

When this persecuted damsel was next seen in the "torture-chamber," she had managed to obtain—somehow, somewhere—a decidedly dainty evening-dress of softest white chiffon over silk, with insertions of lace, embroidered with silver paillettes.

Then there was the witch, Euphemia Jackson—a most fascinatingly handsome witch, as represented by Miss Howard Pawley, whose dark beauty was set off to perfection by two widely different dresses—the first of scarlet serge, the loose bodice opening over a chemisette of soft white lisse, and



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LADY COLVILLE IN THE GUARDS' BURLESQUE.

the other an evening-gown of black satin, made Princess fashion, and having the crossed fold of the bodice outlined with gold, silver, and jet embroidery, which was continued in two graduated bands down the skirt, while a brilliant touch of colour was given by a great square collar and goodly sized revers of orange-coloured velvet, which formed an effective background for a bunch of exquisitely shaded wallflowers.

FLORENCE.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 13.*

## "BONDS CELESTIAL."

China has, of late, become as familiar a borrower as Mr. Micawber, the war with Japan having rendered it necessary for the Flowery Land to raise the wind, time after time, as the instalments of the indemnity to Japan fall to be met. It is an interesting tribute to the fact that the Celestial Empire is not defunct yet, in spite of all the gloomy talk, to find that it can borrow so heavily at such a low rate of interest, and can offer such excellent security; for that the bonds are a good speculative investment there seems little doubt in view of the statements in the prospectus.

Another evidence of the soundness of the loan is to be seen in the eager competition there was among European bankers to obtain the privilege of issuing it. The last loan was guaranteed by Russia, and the money was mostly supplied by Paris; so the French Syndicate made a very hard effort to get this one also. John Chinaman, however, has ideas of his own, and he saw that it would be much better not to put all his eggs in one basket. Accordingly, he has given the cold shoulder to the Franco-Russian combination, and has this time favoured an Anglo-German group with his patronage. It is headed by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and the Deutsche-Asiatische Bank (which is really a component part of the Deutsche Bank), the loan being offered simultaneously in London and Berlin. Judging from the reception the prospectus has met with on both markets, we may expect that the bonds will go off like hot cakes.

The total amount of the loan is £16,000,000 sterling, being the balance of the Japanese indemnity, but at present only £10,000,000 is offered. Such a big subscription as this would create a marked effect on the Money Market, and assist very greatly to relieve the present glut of capital, were the proceeds of the loan to be sent out to China or Japan. But the experience of the previous loan shows that China simply deposits the money with the Bank of England, and transfers it, in the books of the Bank, to the credit of Japan, and that Japan leaves it lying there until payments fall to be made in Europe for fresh armaments, &c. The Money Market, therefore, fails to receive any assistance from this passing of funds from one pocket into the other.

China appears now to have definitely settled down to borrow in gold instead of in silver, and the new issue is in Five per Cent. Gold Bonds of thirty-six years' duration, redeemable in that period by annual drawings at par, a sinking fund being duly provided for this purpose. The price at which subscriptions are invited is 98½, and it cannot be said that this is a very modest figure for a bond of the class; yet the Stock Exchange quoted 2 premium on the issue price the moment the prospectus was seen. It seems certainly the case that Chinese credit is still good for all the Government has borrowed; but the country is such a queer one that we should have thought a lower price would have satisfied the issuing houses, seeing that the Six per Cent. Gold Loan is quoted at only 108. But, of course, the latter is redeemable ten years sooner.

The security for the loan is, of course, the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Dues.

## BANK OF AUSTRALASIA.

The meeting of the Bank of Australasia passed off quite as well as could be expected. Everything was satisfactory except the bank's profits, which, when compared with four or five years ago, appeared very meagre, and the falling off of which is the most eloquent testimony to the severity of the crisis through which the Australian Colonies have passed, and from which they have yet hardly emerged.



SIR A. R. SCOBLE, Q.C., M.P.

It was well understood that heavy provision for doubtful accounts had absorbed a large portion of the half-year's earnings, and, despite a few ominous growlings, the bulk of the shareholders went away satisfied with Sir Andrew Scoble's explanations, and happy that the bank was in a position of unique strength so far as readily available assets are concerned.

## AN EXCELLENT "WEED."

Although it is the business of Henry Clay and Bock and Co., Limited, to deal in "weeds," the concern itself seems the very reverse of weedy. As its field of operations is Havana, it would naturally have been thought that its business would have been brought almost to a standstill by the fierce Civil War that has been dragging along in Cuba for a full year. But in the company's report for 1895, while the directors lament the occurrence of the Revolution, and admit pathetically that it has "to some extent affected the cigarette trade within the island," they demonstrate, to our amazement, that it has "at present not materially

interfered with the company's external operations." Indeed, the war seems to have actually served as a stimulant, for a marked development has taken place during the troublous twelvemonth both in the cigar and cigarette businesses. If the company can go ahead like this in war-time, it must be very soundly established indeed.

During the year the profits earned were no less than £83,579 gross and £71,467 net. As the Debenture and interim Preference interest absorb only £16,080, the balance left for distribution to the shareholders is as much as £55,387. Out of this the Board pays a dividend of 10 per cent. to the ordinary shareholders, which is a very satisfactory rate, comparing against 8 per cent. for 1894; but 15 per cent. could have been distributed if the directors had been sufficiently imprudent to do so. They elected to pursue the much more sagacious policy of laying by something for a rainy day, carrying £18,000 to reserve, which brings the fund up to the substantial figure of £50,000; and carrying forward into the present year as much as £14,617, or some £12,000 more than at the end of 1894. Thus, the company can face with equanimity the chances of the war making some impression on the business this year.

Such a result as this speaks well for the management of the company; and, in view of the strong position, the shares appear worthy of attention. The output of Havana cigars made by the company has risen by the following rapid strides:—1890, 20½ millions; 1891, 23½ millions; 1892, 25½ millions; 1893, 28¼ millions; 1894, 27 millions; 1895, 40¼ millions. This advance is all the more striking because the total exports from Havana have been declining as steadily as the Henry Clay and Bock output has been advancing.

## MAXIMS.

The Matabele have learned to fear the Maxim Gun, and since the supply of those useful implements in Rhodesia has been reduced by a number of them falling into the hands of the Boers, the prestige of "The Great White Queen" has been diminished to a certain extent, and trouble has arisen. The trouble is to be regretted from every point of view except that of the manufacturers of warlike materials, including the shareholders of the Maxim-Nordenfelt Guns and Ammunition Company. That company had a very good year to September 30 last, but the directors very prudently resolved to devote a large proportion of the available net profit to replacing the amount drawn from the reserve for depreciation in consequence of the losses sustained during the three years previous.

The sum the directors had to deal with as net profit was £64,812 3s. 6d., and of that amount they devoted nearly half to replenishing the reserve for depreciation. The exact figures are as follows—

	£	s.	d.
To replacing amounts drawn from Reserve Fund ...	26,275	12	5
„ fresh appropriation to that Fund ...	3,000	0	0
„ dividend at 2 per cent. ...	28,000	0	0
„ Income Tax on dividend ...	933	6	8
Carried forward ...	6,603	4	5
	£64,812	3	6

In addition to these appropriations, there was expended on the buildings, plant, and machinery during the year a sum of £13,892, which is more than half of the total expended under this heading since Sept. 30, 1891.

The 2 per cent. dividend is not much to brag about, but it is a distinct improvement on nothing at all, and the prevailing idea that the corner has been turned is indicated in the most substantial form by the current quotation of the shares. They are still a long way from par, but if people are content to hold them to return about 3¼ per cent. calculated on the basis of the only dividend yet declared, the fact is significant; and it has to be considered in relation to the announcement in the report that "the orders now in hand are largely in excess of those of any previous period of the company's existence, and the company is well in a position to execute them."

Maxim-Nordenfelt shares are not the sort of thing to be recommended to widows and clergymen. They are only suitable for people who have the means and will take the trouble to follow political and other important matters. The company has plenty of work in hand, both as to the manufacture of guns and as to litigation for the protection of patents.

## METROPOLITAN ELECTRIC SUPPLY.

Electric lighting is making progress, but not with extraordinary rapidity. A difficulty in the way is the fear that the district monopolies which are established may result in an inefficient service. Clearly the work is one which cannot be left to free competition. The introduction of the electric light on a proper basis involves the grant of privileges which cannot be put at the disposal of Tom, Dick, and Harry. But the water, gas, and telephone monopolies have afforded object-lessons to consumers and customers which will not be forgotten.

The Metropolitan Electric Supply Company is a case in point. A fire at the Sardinia Street Station in June 1895 resulted in the complete destruction of the dynamo-room and its contents, and in damage to the station generally; but, owing to the system of trunk mains, and to the assistance rendered by the City of London and the London Electric Supply Companies, the inconvenience was reduced to a minimum. The fact that the assistance of neighbouring companies can be relied upon in case of need will go far to popularise electric lighting; and the Metropolitan Company's dividends for 1895, amounting to 4 per cent.,

are not unsatisfactory, in view of all the difficulties to be contended with and of the stringent regulations imposed by Parliament on such enterprises.

#### WEST AUSTRALIAN MINES.

At last we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that results are within a measurable distance, especially in the case of Brown Hill, which is the one company above all others for whose crushing the public has been so long waiting.



LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

Lord Roberts had an easy task at the meeting of the London and Western Australian Exploration Company on the 24th instant, and the account which he was then able to give his shareholders was of such a nature that, unless the noble chairman was misinformed, it is clear we may look forward to a stream of results coming in during the next few months; while for the shareholders it must be especially satisfactory to find that they have large interests in an estate at Perth as well as their mining participations. Mr. Moreing, fresh

from his holiday, spoke in a very confident vein, and, although there may be disappointing delays yet to be encountered, it is pretty clear that before the end of this year we shall have tangible evidence of the capacity of many of the most prominent West Australian properties.

The disturbed state of the political outlook in Africa, and the conviction which is growing on many people that President Krüger is simply "fooling" to gain time, are, as we anticipated, slowly driving the speculative public from Africa to West Australia, and there seems every prospect of a substantial rise all along the line if the various crushings will come out even within a measurable distance of the expectations which sanguine reports have led the world to form. It does not seem to us the moment to sell even bad Westralian mines, much less the good ones.

#### LINOTYPE.

The report and accounts of this company are now public property, and we have had an opportunity of reading both documents with care. We candidly confess that we do not like the balance-sheet, and we advise those of our readers who have a reasonable profit on their shares to get out, and if they do not we must decline to be answerable for the future. With patents, preliminary expenses, expenditure on the operatives' training-school, and suchlike intangible and unrealisable assets making up nearly the whole of the credit side of the balance-sheet, holders of shares should secure their profits without delay.

#### A NEW ZEALAND WARNING.

A correspondent from this colony sends us a long letter to the effect that an attempt is about to be made to induce the British investor to put money in a company for the treatment of ironsand, which is found on the sea-beach in the New Plymouth district, and points out that the refractory nature of this material is so well recognised in the colony that only in England could such a scheme have any chance of successful flotation. We trust, if the attempt is made, our readers will have nothing to do with it.

#### SOME NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

We are able to announce that we have made arrangements with an able and experienced mining correspondent in Johannesburg to send us a series of letters from that town dealing with the principal dividend-paying properties, their prospects, and future life, and that we hope shortly to publish the first of the series, which will deal with the Simmer and Jack and the Crown Reef Mines. The articles, coming from the pen of an expert on the spot, and illustrated by photographs specially taken for our paper, cannot fail to be of great interest. We are endeavouring to make a like arrangement with a reliable person in Western Australia, and hope to be able to make an announcement in due course.

Next week, in consequence of the holidays, our paper has to go to press at such an early date as to make a financial article valueless; and, as usual under the circumstances, we shall not publish "City Notes" in our issue of April 8.

Saturday, March 28, 1896.

THE ASSOCIATED SOUTHERN GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is formed to acquire a number of mining-leases in the Hannan district, comprising, in all, 274 acres. The board is composed of men connected with other gold-mining ventures, and, judging from the reports of Mr. George Gray and other experts, the company has every promise of success.

The following cablegram has just been received from the manager:—"Struck big lode formation Southern Boulder, close Monument boundary, at fifteen feet; dolly results over two ounces; width unknown, gone through four feet, no footwall."

### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. S.—We are glad you received our letter, and hope the suggestion we made may bring about the desired result. Consult the solicitor whose name we gave you.

D. W. T.—We wrote to you and returned the prospectus on March 25.

W. W.—We can only give the names of brokers in accordance with Rule 5. If you were a regular reader of our column you would know that we never mention stockbrokers, solicitors, or lottery-bond dealers by name in our paper.

A. C.—We have returned your poem, and hope the "other party's" cheque is for an adequate amount.

S. A. P.—We wrote to you on March 25, and hope you have not applied.

JUPITER.—(1) We should hold No. 1 for, say, thirty shillings, but, if you feel nervous, sell half now. (2) We don't like it. (3) Ditto. (4) Except for African politics, we should say hold, but you can judge of whether there will be a Transvaal War as well as we can. (5) Join the reconstruction; as soon as matters political come right there will probably be a market made for the new shares, then get out.

KAFFIR.—We will make further inquiries, but, unless our reference-books are wrong, he is not a member of the Stock Exchange.

INDIAN.—(1) We should hold, as we think the country is steadily improving. (2) The Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China. You can deposit on various terms of notice, and will get higher interest if you place the money for a long fixed term. Write to the bank, Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, E.C., for exact terms.

D. S.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5. Both companies' shares are fair speculations. We should certainly hold B.

HABET.—We should think the preference shares were safe enough, assuming the truth of the statements in the prospectus; but why no profits except estimates are given for the brewery we do not know. If you want the prospectus back, send stamped directed envelope for its return.

HOPE.—See this week's "Notes."

H. W. (New Zealand).—Thanks for your letter. We have warned our readers.

A. B.—We would not touch the Brewery Company or the Steam Packet Company. The two mining concerns are fair risks, and we think well of the linoleum concern.

DOON.—We never said anything against the shares you name. Everything connected with the company was respectable, but the underwriters were "stuck." Inquire the price through your broker, and, if you will not run a fair trade risk with your money, sell out at once. You cannot embark in trade and expect the same certainty as Consols.

E. C.—Thank you for remittance.

A. H.—We wrote to you on March 26, and strongly urge you to take energetic measures at once.

C. S.—All letters are destroyed when answered, and we do not remember your *nom-de-guerre*. Write again, and keep a copy of your letter.

BIRMINGHAM.—All that you say is true, and we would not touch the breweries with a barge-pole; but *cui bono*?

SET.—We should say "No" to all your questions. It was a much-puffed swindle.

OLIVER.—See this week's "Notes," and get out as soon as you can with the good profit you have made. Some people are never satisfied, and you appear to be among the number.

CASTLE DOUGLAS.—We wrote to you on March 28, and hope you will follow our advice.

South Africa is the latest region on which Mr. Lipton has cast his eye. He sailed for the Cape on Sunday.

In our last issue, by a typographical error, the steamers of the General Steam Navigation Company were made to leave Harwich on April 2 and 5, instead of April 2 and 4.

The South-Eastern Railway will run a cheap excursion to Boulogne at 10 a.m. on Saturday, returning from Boulogne at 2.18 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap tickets to Brussels, *via* Calais, will be issued, from April 1 to 6. Similar tickets will also be issued to Brussels, *via* Ostend. A special day excursion to Calais will be run on Bank Holiday, leaving Charing Cross at 9 a.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 a.m. Cheap return-tickets, available by certain trains, will also be issued at Charing Cross and Cannon Street on April 2, 3, and 5. On Good Friday and Easter Monday cheap day excursions will be run to Rochester, Dover, &c. A special cheap excursion will also be run from London to Aldershot on Easter Monday. Special trains will run to Hayes, Blackheath, Greenwich, and Gravesend (for Rosherville Gardens).